

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—The Administration took cognizance of the difficulties of the soft-coal industry when the Departments of Commerce and of Labor jointly invited miners and operators to a conference to be held in Washington at some future date. The action of the Departments had the backing of President Hoover. The purpose of the conference was to find means of stabilizing wages and at the same time of improving the general conditions in the industry. It was recognized everywhere that the coal industry was overproduced. At the same time, dissension in the ranks of the United Mine Workers and also a dispute with the National Miners' Union crippled the workers considerably.

The Administration was careful to make it clear that the participation of Secretaries Stimson and Mellon in the London Conference on the German crisis did not involve the fundamental questions of debts or reparations, thus agreeing with the French stand. On the other hand, the President maintained that the present is strictly a "short-term credit crisis." Accordingly, the American Government held that the purpose of the London Conference was merely to rescue Germany from its immedi-

ate difficulties by urging the private banks to continue their short-term loans, on the theory that with this difficulty out of the way the effects of the debt moratorium would begin to be felt. This thesis was adopted by the London Conference but was credited to Premier MacDonald and not to Mr. Hoover.

The New York Times pointed out that the first anniversary of the ratification by the Senate of the London Treaty, establishing parity between the United States and Great Britain in minor warships, had found the United States with not a single ship authorized to bring the United States forces up to the English standard. At present the United States has eleven vessels under construction, all of them authorized before the Treaty, while Great Britain has thirty; Japan, seventeen; France, sixty; and Italy, nineteen. It was announced by the Associated Press that the eight new 10,000-ton cruisers just completed had developed a jerky roll making gun-fire impossible, and that five of the new cruisers had developed cracked stern posts under high speeds. It was understood that the necessary alterations were being made, though the Navy denied that the roll was as disastrous as first reported.

The wheat situation continued in the foreground when Western farmers demanded a moratorium on payments. President Hoover resisted this movement and declared that the working out of the debt moratorium would prove of benefit to the wheat growers inasmuch as it would increase the buying power of foreign countries. He was backed up in this stand by Chairman Stone of the Farm Board. Later, Mr. Stone deplored the high production of this year's American wheat and attributed present difficulties to it. Enemies of the Government's policy pointed out that overproduction was a necessary consequence of the policy of stabilization.

Abyssinia.—The Emperor Haile Selassie granted on July 16 a Constitution to his subjects. He announced from the throne, at a brilliant ceremony in the palace, that he would establish a two-chamber Parliament with responsible Ministers to carry out its decisions. Henceforth, he would rule Abyssinia in conformity with the Constitution while stability will be assured by securing the crown to the present dynasty. The members of the legislative bodies will be designated by provinces, subject to the royal consent. In the future, everyone will be subject to law. Legislation for the development of the Em-

pire, he promised, would be inspired by scientific principles. The Emperor signed the Constitution in the presence of foreign diplomats. It was countersigned by the Heir Apparent, by the Primate of Abyssinia, and by all the princes and chieftains present. The foreign representatives and newspaper men signed as witnesses.

Austria.—While the internal condition of the country continued bad, with much poverty and hardship, the Government was fairly successful in resisting the repercussions of the German crisis. After a short but troubled session, Parliament closed with decrees to effect economies in the semi-nationalized bank, *Creditanstalt*, and the State opera and theater. As the *Mercurbank*, Austrian affiliate of the German *Danat*, was found to have a balance of \$1,700,000, the Government, instead of granting a moratorium, named Doctor Rottenberg, general director of the Austrian Control Bank, trustee, with power to limit the paying out of deposits until the present crisis ended. As a further protective measure, the Austrian National Bank raised its discount rate from seven and one-half per cent to ten per cent. There was talk of a protest to Germany over the passport tax imposed on German vacationists. If this tax continued, it was estimated that Austria would lose \$7,000,000 ordinarily made from the German tourist trade.

China.—Generals Shih, Feng and Sun opened in mid-July their long-threatened attack on the Nanking Government's ally, the Manchurian Marshal Chang Hsue-liang, by a movement against Tientsin to cut off his connection with his northern base and bottle him up in Peiping where he was ill. Chang advised the Nanking Government that he could take care of the northern situation while Chiang Kai Shek continued to attack the Reds in Kiangsi Province. Peiping and Tientsin were put under strict martial law. Nationalist Finance Minister Soong confessed that the Red troops had inflicted serious reverses on Government divisions. The next day, Nanking announced victories in Kiangsi, where Reds had been in almost complete control and had allured many of the people by promises of land-distribution, debt cancellation and looting privileges as well as self-government. Outside the zone of the Canton Government feeling in favor of a boycott of Japanese goods was being encouraged. A rumor emanating from Canton to the effect that Chiang Kai Shek had opened negotiations with the Cantonese rebels for joint hostilities against Japan was ridiculed at Nationalist headquarters in America. Finance Minister T. V. Soong barely escaped assassination in Shanghai.

Colombia.—On July 20 the first session of the New Legislature began. In his message President Olaya Herrera expressed confidence in the eventual prosperity of the nation, though he warned against carrying extreme high tariffs for the protection of small domestic manufacturing industries. He insisted that obsolete systems of

public service retarding the full development of national resources should be abandoned. In this connection he outlined a program which included separating the judiciary from politics and limiting it to the administration of justice. The President announced, further, that he would introduce a number of new bills recommended by the Kemmerer Commission, also that a new Cabinet official would be appointed, a Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, to take over certain functions of the Ministry of Industries. His message requested reform of the civil code to improve the legal status of married women, and it stated that the Government was ready to establish diplomatic relations with Ecuador. Demanding further cuts in the War Ministry budget, he announced that economies in that department during 1930 had saved more than \$5,500,000 but he urged that even further savings be attempted.

Czechoslovakia.—Inhabitants of the village of Vazec, in North Slovakia, were rendered homeless by a fire which broke out on July 17. Six persons lost their lives, and eighteen persons were seriously burned or otherwise injured. Of the 582 houses in the village, 464 were destroyed. The losses were estimated at \$1,000,000. Incendiarism was suspected.

The committee of the Lower House of Parliament, appointed on March 16 to investigate the charges of dishonesty against Deputy and former Cabinet Minister George Stribrny, came on June 24 to the conclusion that "the facts ascertained justify an unfavorable opinion about the honesty of M. Stribrny." The entire Chamber of Deputies accepted this conclusion on June 26. M. Stribrny had been one of the leaders of the National Socialists; he was known for his anti-Catholic policies. He had been expelled on a former occasion from his party. The charges were provoked by his own and his relatives' rapid enrichment. The investigation showed conclusively that Stribrny's party friends had accepted from him, both for themselves and for the party, large sums, totaling between six and seven million crowns, without any questioning of the origin of the money. The affair was looked upon as another instance of the deplorable situation brought about by the multiplicity of political parties, all of which are in need of greater funds for their numerous expenditures than their followers are able to supply.

France.—Although the formula of agreement in the Franco-German declaration was welcomed with relief and was characterized as "a new beginning" and as having accomplished "important moral progress," it soon became evident that Premier Laval did not mean to relent in his demand for guarantees as a condition to financial help for Germany. The French with their supplies of gold felt complete masters of the situation and in a position to insist upon the full satisfaction of their conditions. "Without security assured over a long period," said *Le Temps*,

Financial
Situation

Rebels
North and
South

Stribrny
Case

Paris Firm
on Guarantees

Congress
Convenes

"confidence cannot be reborn, credit cannot be established, and the crisis which threatens Europe and in which Germany risks definite foundering cannot be avoided." Great approval was voiced by the Paris press over two recent statements, one by the War Minister, André Maginot, that "We are not yet vanquished; we are still the victors," and the other by Pierre Bernus: "No man can impose anything on us; there is no country in a stronger position than France; we must take advantage of it, for in the circumstances we will work for the real good of Europe." The Bourse was at a comparative standstill as the Ministers departed for the London Conference. Internationals lost ground, oil stocks declined, French industrials lost slightly, and foreign exchange was irregular.

Germany.—While nothing very definite resulted from the visit of Chancellor Bruening and Foreign Minister Curtius to Paris on July 18, the Government took pleasure in the fact that friendly relations seemed to have been established. The French and German officials went on to London for the seven-Power conference which was to decide what measures were to be taken to relieve the Reich's financial crisis. The conferences decided that the most immediate need was an agreement by the creditor nations to stop withdrawals of foreign credits from Germany and a ninety-days' renewal of the \$100,000,000 emergency loan which falls due August 16. The proposal of a further loan was postponed for later consideration.

Meanwhile, the Government continued its efforts at home to relieve the trying financial situation. A preliminary examination of the *Danat* Bank revealed that it would probably not have to be liquidated and it was allowed to reopen for payments needed for payrolls. To prevent the flight of capital, drastic measures were taken with penalties up to ten-years' imprisonment for their violation. A twenty-five dollar passport tax was imposed on Germans leaving the country; the exchanges were still closed; and banks were still limited in their payments. These various financial decrees and the press-censorship decrees were vigorously denounced in some quarters, but on the whole, there was little public disturbance due to a Government warning broadcast by radio urging the people to remain quiet.

Great Britain.—On the evening of July 20, the first session of the Seven Power Conference held to devise means of saving Germany in the present financial crisis was held in London. The Powers represented were the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium and Japan. At the last moment, France decided to attend the meetings, with the provision, however, that the discussions would deal only with the immediate financial and economic situation in Germany and would not touch the questions of the revision of the Young Plan and disarmament. On July 21, a memorandum from President Hoover was presented by Secretary Stimson outlining a proposal for the maintenance of short-time credits

to Germany. This American proposal was used unofficially as the basis for discussion. On July 23, the Foreign Ministers attending the Conference presented a plan for financial and economic aid to Germany. Chief among the propositions were the following: that the national banks and the World Bank for International Settlements extend the \$100,000,000 German credit, due on August 16, for a further period of three months; that private banks be urged to leave, for the present, their credits now in Germany under German management; that a World Bank committee be appointed to consider the questions of short-term loans to Germany, and the conversion of existing short-term loans to long-term loans.

Preliminary reports on the census of 1931, as enumerated on April 26, were issued by the Ministry of Health. The total population of England and Wales was given as 39,947,931, consisting of 19,138,844 males and 20,809,087 females. The excess over the census of 1921 was 2,061,232. While the 1931 total is greater than any ever counted in England and Wales, the increase is less, with the exception of the War-period decennial, than that of any period since 1861. In an introduction to the statistics, the Registrar General, S. P. Vivian, predicted that England, through a retardation of growth, would reach a maximum population in the middle of the present century, after which there would be a gradual decrease. He pointed out a steady fall in the birth-rate during the past ten years. The present rate of 16.3 per 1,000 of the population is half that of the figures prior to 1890, and places England lower than any other country except Sweden. This decline in births occurred despite the fact that the marriage rates, particularly at the younger ages, were well maintained. Another interesting feature of the report was that of the trend of the population southward. The Counties north of Cheshire and Yorkshire lost 443,000 in population through migration. Metropolitan London, with a population of 8,202,818, represented more than one-quarter of the urban and about one-fifth of the total population of England and Wales.

Italy.—No political significance was attached to the bomb explosion in St. Peter's; both the Italian newspapers in their later editions and the *Osservatore Romano* printed merely the bare facts of the incident without comment.—Premier Mussolini sequestered an anti-Papal pamphlet and ordered the immediate trial before a special tribunal of its five authors. The pamphlet was entitled "Away with the Vatican," and advocated the arrest and trial of the Pope as an enemy of the State. The Premier displayed great anger over the fact that its authors had signed themselves Fascists, although two of them had been expelled from the party. The gradual lessening of the newspaper campaign was being interpreted as a sign presaging peace between the Government and the Vatican.

Mexico.—President Ortiz Rubio at last gave a response to the protest of the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop

Census Figures

Conferences

Emergency Decrees

Conference on Germany

Ruiz, but it was to the effect that the Federal Government can do nothing in the matter of limitation of priests in Vera Cruz since the States are sovereign in this respect.

Religious Troubles

The Delegate contended that the limitation is unconstitutional, inasmuch as limiting each 100,000 of population to one priest is equivalent to making the exercise of the Catholic religion impossible in most districts of the State. The Delegate reiterated his stand of refusing to certify the registered priests to the State Government and ordered all priests to remain at their posts until physically removed. Unfortunately, the Vera Cruz matter was made a political issue by the dominant party and fears were expressed of persecution spreading again.

Russia.—Rumors that the British Labor Government intended to extend a new credit of approximately \$30,000,000 to Russia were set at rest when William Graham, president of the British Board of Trade, announced merely on July 9 that exports credit would be extended to Russia for a period of thirty months instead of twenty-four, as had been the case. Shipbuilding would receive no additional guarantees. The Egyptian Government was expected to sell to Russia from 30,000 to 40,000 bales of its cotton stock.

Export Credits

Spain.—The struggle between the Government and the radical Sindicato Unico grew more bitter, when the Sindicato redoubled its efforts to upset confidence in the Republic by fomenting strikes and thus keeping the country in an unhealthy state of excitement. There was fighting between the syndicalists and the police at Carmona, La Uterenosa, Corea del Rio. At Dos Hermanos the rioters set fire to the telephone building and attempted to burn the telephone girls to death by firing at the doors to keep them from escaping. A pitched battle followed when the civil guards came to the rescue. In Madrid police arrested forty-seven syndicalist leaders and announced that their prisoners had plotted against the capital and had already placed a number of bombs in the city. Dr. Villana, syndicalist leader in southern Spain, was arrested as he led a large force of radicals and unemployed into Seville, where a revolutionary strike in both the city and province was in progress. The Government felt that it had crushed a strong revolutionary movement by its action, since Dr. Villana claimed the backing of a million organized farm workers of Andalusia. Then, since the strike situation grew more serious day by day and the riots had resulted in seventeen fatalities, Governor Jose Bastos proclaimed martial law in Seville. Orders were issued to the military to shoot first and investigate afterwards. The first day saw a number of clashes in which two people were killed. This action was followed by a conference between the War Minister and the Minister of the Interior in which they discussed the advisability of mobilizing the entire army to prevent the strike movement from spreading to other important points in Andalusia. In the Cortes minority leaders blocked a mo-

Syndicalist Riots

tion for a vote of confidence in the Government and denied the Government's right to enforce the decree of Minister Maura for the suppression of the syndicalist disorders without the Assembly's sanction. This seemed to some observers to indicate that there was danger of the Republican Government itself falling under the assault of the "syndicalist revolution." But the optimistic pointed out that the Cortes had not yet been formally constituted since the majority of the deputies' credentials remained to be approved.

League of Nations.—All four delegates of the United States signed, on July 18, the League of Nations convention for the limitation of the manufacture of narcotics. Six reservations were included by the United States, the first four on minor points, the last two expressly excluding Soviet recognition. The Soviet delegate left without signing. Siam, France, and Holland were the only other nations who made reservations, and they were on minor points. The press commented on the fact that the United States had signed the Kellogg Pact with Soviet Russia, but without any such reservations. John Caldwell, the American delegate, expressed great satisfaction with the results of the conference. The convention implies no relaxation of the control already exercised by the United States over the manufacture and distribution of narcotic drugs.

Narcotics Convention

The counsel of five nations were present at the Hague when the Permanent Court of International Justice began its extraordinary session on July 20 in order to pass on the legality of the proposed Austro-German customs union. Germany was represented by Dr. Victor Bruns, who began the presentation of the case, maintaining that the proposed accord would not prejudice Austria's "independence," as the word was understood in the treaty of St. Germain; France by Jules Basdevant and Joseph Paul Boncour, and Italy by Massimo Pilotti and former Foreign Minister Vittorio Scialoja. Austria and Czechoslovakia were denied a place in the sessions.

World Court Hearings

It is a weary and discouraged Hilaire Belloc who will contribute "The Glories of Spain" to next week's issue. He gives full rein to his foreboding that the Republic will prove in practice to be the enemy of the Catholic religion.

G. C. Heseltine has contributed to these columns from time to time papers on the "acids of modernity." Next week, with timely force, he will consider "Modernity in Industry."

Oliver Claxton has at last left Porto Rico, and is on his way across the Antilles and down the dreary coast of South America. His paper next week will be called "Winging down to Rio."

"Why Don't They Think?" is the challenge of William Thomas Walsh in considering the gospel of a lay infallible pope, Bertrand Russell. With rare daring he topples that dignitary off his perch.

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Lynching

THE report of the Tuskegee Institute on lynching, covering the first six months of the present year, shows a decrease in the number of these murders. From January 1 to June 30 of the present year, five persons, one white, the others Negroes, were lynched. This is bad enough in all conscience, but when it is recorded that there were thirty-six lynchings in the first six months of 1921, and nine between January 1 and June 30, 1930, it will be seen that we are improving.

Almost coincidentally with the Tuskegee report came the announcement that the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching had decided to cooperate in a special work with the University of North Carolina. Professors in the University's school of law and its department of social science will investigate the study of last year's twenty-one lynchings, submitted by the Commission's staff members. The investigation will turn on the weakness of existing legislation, and the professors will endeavor to discover what type of legislation will most effectively aid in suppressing these disgraceful outbreaks.

It is not said that the Commission will revive the dispute between those who clamor for Federal legislation, and those who believe that the States themselves can, if they will, deal with the problem. Whatever conclusion may be reached in this difference of opinion, we feel certain that the investigators will soon realize, if indeed that realization has not already been reached, that for the solution of so complex a question, something beyond legislation is required.

Dr. Moton, who signs the Tuskegee report, notes that while five persons have been lynched this year, thirty-two attempts to lynch fifty-five others were frustrated by prompt action by the public authorities. Of these preventions twenty-eight were in Southern and four in Western and Northern States. Of the lynchings, three were in the South, one in the West, and one in the North. Evidently, the best preventive of lynching is a set of officials who will do their duty at all costs. Dr. Moton supplies no data, but if we are not greatly in error, most lynchings occur

because officials refuse to take their duty seriously, or yield to cowardice.

Legislation cannot give us brave and intelligent officials, although it may indirectly aid to improve the quality by removing and punishing the recreants. Only an enlightened public opinion, securing decency in the local elections, can effect that. Too often in the past, juries have declined to indict local officials along with known lynchers, and State officials, even Governors, have taken no notice of this breakdown in government. In the places in which these terrible crimes occur, it seems to us quite plain that if the local schools and religious organizations have not completely neglected their work, they have certainly failed to make their influence felt. A study of lynching, including if possible the last two decades, would probably make it possible to devise methods by which the defects of these two organizations could be corrected.

The One-Room School

ONE learns with surprise that in the rural districts of this country there are still 153,000 one-room schools. The more progressive States are endeavoring to persuade school districts to pool their resources and to set up larger and better-equipped central district schools to which the children from the outlying neighborhoods can be conveyed by motor cars. But progress here must fight against local pride, and the one-room school is likely to remain with us for some time.

A brief bulletin recently issued by the Federal Office of Education gives a vivid sketch of this institution and its administration. "The typical teacher," according to the office, "is a woman about twenty-seven years of age." Her education is four years and one month above the grade school, and her teaching experience is two years and six months. She teaches twenty-two farm children, for 152 days per year, and her salary is \$874.

But averages rarely fit the individual. Recognizing this defect, the Office graphs the teacher in another fashion. If all the teachers of one-room schools stood side by side, "their ranks would extend in an unbroken line 87 1/10 miles." Station the teacher with the least training at one end, and the teacher with the most complete training at the other, and "a person reviewing this company would find it necessary to walk a distance of 8 1/2 miles before coming to a teacher with a training equivalent to two years of high school." After viewing this spectacle, the reviewer travels some thirty-nine miles before he meets a teacher with a high-school diploma. Twenty miles farther on looms the first teacher with the equivalent of two years at normal school. But not until the reviewer has traveled seventy-four miles, does he encounter a one-room school pedagogue with a college degree.

This is an interesting story, but we are not quite sure why the Office of Education is at such pains to tell it. It is true, doubtless, but it is not news. When teaching is a means of earning a livelihood, one does not look for a college graduate in School No. 6, situated, in local parlance, "a right smart piece down Turkeyfoot pike." The college graduates at one end of the Office's graph, thirteen

miles of sacrifice and devotion, form an interesting contrast to the more than forty miles of teachers without even a high-school training. The contrast is interesting; still, it may not be entirely to the disadvantage of the women who have little beyond a grammar-school training. If these know less about formal pedagogy, they may know much more about the needs and possibilities of the boys and girls for whom they labor.

Miracles

AS that brilliant young Scotchman, Bruce Marshall, remarks in a recent publication which has grievously scandalized the uncommonly pious, "I tell you, Monsignore, Rome does not like miracles!". At first sight, this declaration seems to merit a note of censure. Examination reveals that it contains a lode of truth.

The older anti-Catholic controversy represented Catholics in general as an aggregation of credulous old women who eagerly snuffed up every tale of the marvelous, and embroidered it for retelling. That style of controversy has not been wholly discarded, but it is falling into the background, as our critics learn how hard-headed and stiff-necked Catholics, especially those in official position, can be. "Rome does not like miracles." Her aim is to teach Frenchmen, and Chinamen, and Americans, and Zulus, with Hottentots also, and dwellers along the Yukon and the Gold Coast, how to save their souls through prayer and the Sacraments and how to sanctify themselves by walking along the way of the Cross to Calvary. In her view, miracles are alleged facts to be submitted to the severest scrutiny. Almighty God can make His exceptions to the laws He has made, and of which He is the final sanction. But Rome knows that, ordinarily, He deals with His creatures in what may be styled a very matter-of-fact way.

Perhaps one of the best pieces of evidence for Marshall's shocking statement is the famous Medical Bureau at Lourdes. Even some good Catholics seem to think that the prime function of the Bureau is to register miracles. It would be nearer the truth to write that its prime function is to throw cold water on all reports of miracles. The Bureau has never recorded a miracle, and it never will. As physicians, its members know nothing about miracles, and how they are to be distinguished. That belongs to the Church. What the Bureau does is to find out first of all whether the alleged cure is a real cure. Its next task is to discover a natural explanation of the cure. To aid it, it invites the cooperation of physicians and scientists of every creed and of none, and when any of these can explain the cure on natural grounds, the Bureau's thankfulness is unbounded.

Strange as it may seem in these days of propaganda, the sole desire of the Bureau is to get at the truth. When the Bureau can find a natural explanation of a genuine cure, it writes that explanation down. When it cannot find a natural explanation, it writes that down, too. But it never refers to miraculous cures, and the best way any visitor can find of making himself unpopular at the Bureau, is to insist on talking about miracles.

Of course, miracles take place today, just as they have

been taking place ever since the time when an all-pitying Creator began to deal with his people. No man who concedes the Creator of heaven and earth any rank higher than that of a dynamo, a swirling mist, or a vague amorphous first cause, can deny that fact. The pioneer Protestants scoffed at miracles not because they wished to deny either the power of God or the accuracy of the Scriptures, but because they had observed that the constant environment during many centuries of what appeared to be miracles had been a Catholic environment. Scriptural miracles they admitted, but what Almighty God had been doing from the beginning of time, He ceased to do after the death of the Apostles; and to this position they clung as to a first principle.

But their successors soon went beyond this contention. In their desire to score what they considered a point against the Catholic Church, the Scriptures were put in the background. They forgot the ax that swam on the water, the cruse that was never exhausted, the dead bones through which life came back to the Moabite, the pool of Siloe, the handkerchiefs of Paul, and the shadow of Peter. Miracles, they stated, not only did not happen in post-Apostolic times, but they had never happened. What seemed to be a miracle was to be rejected without examination, simply because miracles were impossible. For the same reason those portions of the Scriptures which recorded miracles were to be rejected as monkish interpolations.

This is indeed a quick and convenient method of inquiring into the truth of an alleged historical event. It is also irrational and highly unscientific. Rome does not like miracles, but she likes this method even less. For Catholics believe that since the hand of God is not shortened, what He has decreed from all eternity infallibly comes to pass. They are convinced that for His own all-wise purposes Almighty God can decree exceptions to the operation of the laws He has made. They know that these exceptions have occurred, and that they can be recognized as such. Hence, on the report of a miracle Catholics do not at once pronounce judgment for or against it. Foolish and slow to believe as they are, they investigate before coming to a conclusion.

But miracles are not the rule by which a Catholic regulates his daily life. They are an exception to the established order. The Catholic knows that they can occur, and he praises God when they do. But for the most part, he goes along on an even tenor, saying his prayers, receiving the Sacraments, and trying to be patient even with people who, without investigation, insist that miracles do not happen.

War in the Coal Fields

AS July ends, no settlement of the labor difficulties in the Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania coal fields is in sight. There is less violence, probably, in Ohio, but more in West Virginia, an increase due to renewed efforts by outside trouble makers to disrupt all union activity. But in none of these States is any effort made by the public authorities to conduct an independent investigation, looking to the establishment of a lasting peace.

According to the Department of Research of the Federal Council of Churches, the immediate causes of the strike in the Pittsburgh district are two. In an effort to compete with the low-wage mines of the South, the Pittsburgh operators began to cut the wage of their laborers, lowering it to a starvation wage. In the second place, it is claimed that the railroad rate differential granted the Southern mines by the Interstate Commerce Commission made it impossible for the Pittsburgh operators to compete for the important Great Lakes trade. The first charge seems to be true. If the second is true, a rehearing by the Commission should be ordered. Just why local industries should be penalized in favor of mines hundreds of miles away is not clear. The removal of this inequality, granting that it exists, will not end the war. Assuredly, however, it will remove one obstacle to a satisfactory adjustment. Conditions are, and long have been, so frightful, that nothing which can better them should be neglected.

As we have repeatedly pointed out in this connection, workingmen's associations, cooperating with the mine owners, could have averted this war which has brought so much misery to thousands. The owners are now beginning to realize that in opposing the union, they opposed their own interests, for the Communists will do all that is possible to harm both the unions and the owners. Immediate and authoritative State intervention now seems the only way of bringing about peace.

Washington to the Rear!

IT is reported that the State Department is in grievous fear that the Washington celebrations next year may occasion another war with England. Or, if matters do not get quite that far, it is thought that any mention of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, will grievously wound our British cousins.

The State Department is taking *Punch* too seriously. The drawings in that magazine are delightful, but the letter press is all but convincing evidence that the British lack a sense of humor. But that conclusion becomes absurd when one remembers the wit and humor of Shakespeare, Lamb, Thackeray, and Dickens. These men and a dozen others lit a lamp, filled with the oil of kindness, that lets us look on man's follies, and compassionate them. Showing how absurd man can be, they also disclose man's hidden founts of goodness.

We have no fear that our British cousins will be filled with wrath at the sight of a parcel of mummers dressed up to represent General Lincoln receiving the sword of Cornwallis from the hands of General O'Hara. In fact, were that little scene omitted from the play, they would strongly suspect that they were being spoofed. Englishmen are not so dull as the visages of some would suggest or even indicate. Their success in war and diplomacy, in commerce, in literature, and in the arts of peace, is fair proof that for many years they have been able to tell a hawk from a handsaw.

How many of them will travel to Yorktown next year is a matter of speculation. It is probable, however, that a few will grace the occasion. If they have interest enough

in the celebration to cross the sea to take part in it, it is conceivable that they will know what the celebration commemorates. If they wish to call it a victory which once more evinces the truth of the old adage that Britons never shall be slaves, so be it. But it was a victory achieved only after Lexington, Bunker Hill, Brandywine, Monmouth, the dark days of Valley Forge,—and Yorktown. There is glory enough for all. And when we consider the hordes of Frenchmen, Irish, Germans, Poles, and others, who fought in both armies at Yorktown, it is hard to look upon the event as an exclusively Anglo-Saxon triumph or defeat.

On the whole, if the surrender of Cornwallis is omitted from a celebration which commemorates the victory of Washington and his allies over Cornwallis, the gathering at Yorktown next year will not have much meaning. Yorktown without its victory for Washington is more stupid than Hamlet without the Prince.

The Horse Doctor

THERE was at least one in your town when you were a boy. He did not rank with Dr. Wallingford who gave you curious little sugar pills, and regularly brought the babies in his black bag, but you liked him. So did Mollie, who had dragged the family carryall along dusty roads for so many years that she was more like a member of the family than just an old piebald mare. Then, too, when your dog, Fox or Lion or Rover, retreated under the back porch, and refused to come out, even when tempted by the most succulent of bones, the horse doctor responded to your tearful appeal, and soon Fox was licking the horny paw of a man whom he knew to be a friend.

But horses have disappeared from our cities. Boys today know nothing of the intimate friendship that existed between the small-town or country boy and his dog forty years ago. With his prepared biscuit, his coat for cold weather, his dear little bootees, your modern city dog is not even a distant cousin of the old-time pooch, as independent as the Declaration itself. With the departure of these old friends, the family nag and the little boy's dog, the horse doctor has fallen from his niche.

So at least it would appear. An investigator appointed by the Governor of New York to inquire into alleged municipal irregularities, exclaims indignantly that he does not propose to be balked by a mere horse doctor. The New York newspapers take up his cry, and repeat the damning title as though it were final proof of guilt. The phrase is bandied about to mean a man lost to all truth, good feeling, and decency.

The horse-doctor charge is a symbol of modern inability to think. It is easier to dub a man a rascal than to prove that he is. It is much easier to use a tag than to compare reports, balance probabilities, and so arrive at a reasoned conclusion. That is why some people talk about the Dark Ages, refer to the Catholic Church as a hindrance to social progress, allege intellectual difficulties against Gospels which they have never read, and smile in superior fashion at mention of Lourdes. It is all horse doctor to them. The phrase saves investigation, and spares them the trouble of thinking.

Grounded in Porto Rico

OLIVER CLAXTON

THE north coast of Porto Rico is a large coastal plain covered with sugar-cane plantations and dotted with small towns. Like all the other towns along through here the roofs are all made of corrugated iron, or should I say tin? I would imagine it to be too hot a covering for these parts, but I guess the natives know more about that than I do. The mountains rise up from the middle of the islands about ten or fifteen miles back. The view from the air is nothing to cause me to write you a paragraph about it. About fifty miles along the coast San Juan is found stretched out on a peninsula between the ocean and a harbor some two miles wide. Nothing much stands out from a brief survey and the colors are brown and white.

Here the passenger changes from the Miami plane to the one which runs once a week down to Santos, Brazil. Due to the fact that these go only once a week, I have been able to take a good long look at San Juan and the country hereabouts. I don't know whether my conception of Latin America in general and Porto Rico in particular is the average one, but if so it has most certainly been wrong about this island. I had pictured San Juan as a dirty, small place inhabited by Americans and Negroes, and the interior as rugged and wild. If you shared this delusion with me, listen while I get you straightened out.

The airport is close to the town and we rode to the Palace Hotel through narrow crowded streets, but clean. The buildings are all in good repair, and trade seems to be brisk. The hotel is modern and reasonably up to date, and the service covers your needs. Our first afternoon we spent wandering around looking the city over. The sidewalks are not quite big enough for two people to pass and the streets are just a wee bit wide enough for two cars to squeak by each other. That great modern adjustment of one-way streets prevails, but the parking of cars complicates the traveling to a degree. The stores and dwelling houses are all built with as much window and door space as possible, the better to let in air. The dwelling places within the heart of the city seem to be all built around a court where a sort of communal cooking and living goes on, while the bedrooms are just about big enough for a bed and a few of the whatnots needed for dressing and undressing. I did no prying or peeking to get my details of the living rooms. They all have great windows gaping wide open on to the street.

For some reason that you will have to fathom for yourself automobile horns make about three times as much noise here as in New York. They are higher pitched and more penetrating, and while I am assured that they are the same horns untampered with as we have in the States, I will take my oath that they are more offensive. And the Porto Rican shows a tremendous delight in their sound, for he is always popping them off. While on the subject of noise I might go further and say

that the whole noise of the city is greater than I ever heard before. It is not the rumble and buzz of New York. There is an underlying harmony to the symphony, but overlaid on it is a series of individual tootles, rattle of trolley cars, loud voices, crashes, and bangs. I prefer the roaring of elevated trains, if I must listen to things.

The people are all Spanish, and the general run of them speak only that language. True, they have a form of Esperanto or Sanscrit that they fancy to be English. This they utter with broad smiles of triumph. To date I have been unable to unravel it. On the matter of understanding English they are equally proud and agreeable. In a restaurant, for instance, you order slowly and carefully, pausing after each item ordered while the waiter gives you a sweet smile and says, "Yes." He then appears with a collection of dishes that you not only would not order, but that you wouldn't even think of. If you expostulate, he smiles even broader and says "Yes" a little more distinctly. For your information, when you are here, just say "Fish" and take your chance on the species, and for dessert say "Preserved figs." You won't get preserved figs, but you will get something you can eat. If you say anything else but "Preserved figs," Heaven help you.

People in shops are exceedingly pleasant and helpful. My friend who is with me boasts a head larger than any head ever seen in these islands. He contracted with a small straw-hat store to construct him a semi-panama hat, price two dollars. Even my friend will admit the difficulty of the job. In more industrial countries it would come under the problem of mass production. Down here it must be a colossal task,—something to go into song and story and to be handed down in legend. Anyway, the first hat was too small. They tried again. The second hat was too small. The store was taking a loss of four good dollars, as the two hats small as they were, would be much too large for local consumption. My friend suggested that the task be abandoned. He protested that he was causing a lot of trouble and worry, and he did not want to be a party to anything that caused worry. But no. But, most certainly, no. The storekeeper had his fire up. Wasn't he descended from the conquistadores? Was he a hat maker with pride, or wasn't he? Furthermore, my friend being an Englishman, he wanted to show England that a Porto Rican could solve this particular hat problem. The hat was duly constructed, and elaborate bows and words of mutual admiration exchanged. And that is the spirit of the storekeeper in San Juan.

A few other points I would touch on before getting you out into the hills. First, I would extend a bow of admiration to the roaches, or June bugs, or whatever, that explore bedrooms in hotels around here. They are fearless and large. Why only last night I looked out of bed and saw one of them dragging my shoe across the floor—no, I take that back. I promised I would stick to fact

and that was not fact. I will be honest with you. The roach was not dragging my shoe across the floor alone. He had a pal on the other side shoving. Secondly, the state of the money. The bills look and feel as if they had been here since the day of the American occupation in 1898. Apparently the local Government will not pay for sending old bills back to the United States and the U. S. Treasury won't tackle to the problem. I believe that in Santo Domingo (which uses our currency) the problem is even worse, for certainly the United States Government is not going to renew the currency of a foreign power. Thirdly, the intensive sitting around that goes on here. The streets are littered with groups who chatter and gesticulate at each other by the hour. Every park bench is held down by as many men as can get on it. Reservations for the little parks must be made months in advance and no one person is allowed to sit on one for more than six weeks at a stretch. I am not sure of the six weeks. It may be a longer period. At night the curbstones are available for those who had to work during the day and couldn't get the choicer resting places. In spite of all this sitting down I have seen only one fat man since I got here.

Porto Rico has over a million inhabitants and the density of population is 430 per square mile. This of course is greater than many States, than nineteen States, I think, to be exact. The consequence is a problem of the island. Every available inch of land is under cultivation, but still the island has to import food to feed itself. Headway against this condition is being made by persuading the farmers to stop growing only coffee, tobacco, and sugar cane. Stores are lined with cans of food, and most of them look like delicatessens, only not so gaudy. This overcrowding has had definite bad health effects also. Tuberculosis is rife, and so is hookworm. The children have been undernourished and their death rate high. Malaria is great. Efforts were being made to overcome these social conditions, but not a great deal of headway had been made when the hurricane arrived and ruined the island. A generally poor community lost all its crops, and most of the good work done, small as it was, was lost.

The United States and the Governors sent here had not done much for this protectorate, or whatever it is called. But things now are on the upswing through the efforts and interest of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. the present Governor. He has done all he could in his official way, and exerted himself to gather unofficial help. He has not ignored any detail of social or commercial welfare, nor has he failed at any time to exert himself as fully as possible for the Island. He has probably done ten times as much as any Governor before him. There is plenty to do politically, socially, and commercially, but the Islanders swear by Roosevelt's chances of doing it.

I spent one day motoring through the hills in the center of the country and there is a sight for you. Fields run nearly vertically up mountains. Houses stuck out over nothing supported by stilts driven into the hill below them, or else they are perched far up on the apex of a hill so steep that it would seem impossible to climb without the aid of a rope railing. And every possible bit of

these mountains is cultivated. Goats and cattle graze on the land looking most uncomfortable. The road winds in and out and up and down these mountains; you must travel three miles by road to one mile by map. In some places it is chiseled out of solid rock and in some places it seems to be just stuck on. The views are magnificent and unbroken.

Nor can I give you the feeling of terror that possesses you as you ride along the road. I wouldn't want to. It swirls and doubles back and makes hairpin turns without a guard wall of any sort. The local chauffeurs plunge fearlessly around corners with a great honking of horn utterly unconcerned by the possibility of skidding off or running head-on into an equally fiend driver coming around the corner. When meetings are held, they are accompanied by a great twitching of steering wheels, grinding brakes and tires on the road, and fond smiles of greeting between fellow-drivers. My nerves are still clattering from the experience.

San Juan has its Morro Castle, vastly built in fifteen something or other, and held against all comers until the Spanish-American War. Even Drake could not get in. It is in good preservation and interesting to see, but I refer you to Richard Harding Davis for the details.

My wanderings took me into a large church, where, with the proper sense of historical respect, I gazed on the spot where Ponce de Leon is buried. Further wanderings took me into a smaller church where, with increased respect, I looked on the place where Ponce de Leon is buried.

And so to Rio de Janeiro.

A Letter on Mixed Marriages

AN EPISCOPALIAN RECTOR

[The following is an authentic letter of a Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church to a young man of his parish who was contemplating marriage with a Catholic girl. With his permission, it is printed here as an interesting sidelight on a current problem for the Church.—*Ed. AMERICA.*]

YOU have asked my advice, or, rather, opinion concerning your engagement to the very charming young girl you brought to see me the other day. Well, from the little I saw of her my impression was distinctly favorable: the sort of girl any nice fellow would admire. Your fiancée passed muster in every way. And under ordinary circumstances I should be the first to congratulate you. But the circumstances are not ordinary ones. And, as I have known both yourself and your people for a good many years, I am going to be a candid friend where my opinion is asked.

You are contemplating what is called a "mixed marriage." You are a Protestant, and Miss Blank is a Catholic. And, very frankly, she is a far stronger Catholic than you are a Protestant. Your Church has nothing to say, one way or the other, as regards the religious faith of the woman you wed. But her Church has a great deal to say about it both before and after. And it is this before and after that you, and every Protestant man, should weigh well before marrying a Catholic woman.

Before you are married by the parish priest—and that her priest, not your pastor, should solemnize the marriage is a *sine qua non*—you will be obliged to sign an agreement that any children born to you shall be brought up in their mother's faith without let or hindrance. Being very much in love you will do this, as nine out of ten men do in your case, without any *arrière pensée*. And being an honorable man, as well as loving and respecting the mother, you will keep to the bond however, or whatever you may feel about it in days to come when you are paterfamilias. Only a dishonorable man would do otherwise. *Cela va sans dire!*

Next, you must recognize the possible danger of family jars. I have seen a good deal of these family jars in mixed marriages; and the jarring note when the children arrive will come from your side of the house rather than hers. The Protestant grandparents will feel some resentment over the fact that their son pledged the faith of the unborn. The best of them do—after a time, though probably saying nothing about it at the time of your marriage. So, you must make up your mind to be firm, and, as dutifully and as kindly as possible, if your people should show any sign of interference, put your foot down upon it at once.

Again, you must recognize that your Church and your wife's (I am assuming that you do marry Miss Blank) view faith and morals in a different light. As regards faith, your wife can never be expected to attend your church. She is under strict obligation to attend Mass always on Sunday. And to go to your church (which, by the way, to be candid again, has never seen very much of you) would be a breach of faith on her part. So put that idea out of your mind, or any possible chance of her weakening as regards her religion in the future. She may be very much in love with you, but her religion is a love she possessed before she met you. Her love for you is that of "a maid for her man." Her love for her religion is that of "a soul longing after God." Quite a new aspect of matters to you, I know, but none the less a fact.

In matters of faith again, you, as a Protestant, may find yourself resenting the confessional—always a bogey to men like yourself. Your wife must continue going to confession. No evading that. And the confessor occupies a more or less judicial position where the married as well as the unmarried are concerned, and here is where mixed marriage troubles generally begin. For, sooner or later, the question of children will crop up, and self-control versus birth control will be a serious issue to be faced. Your wife, as a Catholic, will not listen to any birth-control argument through the media of contraceptive measures. Her faith teaches her that such things are shameful and vicious. Her view of marriage is sacramental; yours economic where the family is concerned. Your argument will be: we can't afford it; it's not right to bring so many children into the world; husband and wife should satisfy the desires of the flesh as occasion demands quite apart from the procreation of children. Most of your friends will agree with you there, and, as a *pour encourager*, you may quote the Lambeth opinion

given last summer, and the recent *obiter dicta* of the American Council of Churches.

But that would be useless, for one visit of your wife to her confessor would not only demolish these "opinions," but send your wife away both ashamed and disgusted. Believe me, my dear fellow, I am not laying it on too thick. I am an old man and know whereof I speak from experience. And do not think that I have any prejudice against Miss Blank because she is a Catholic. Far from it. My sympathies are far more on her side than on yours, to be frank about it. I am sure that she is a delicate and nice-minded girl—and the man who marries her will have to recognize her view of faith and morals especially in the close intimacies which exist between husband and wife. Make up your mind to this, otherwise you may look for disillusion and disgust, followed on your part by a desire for divorce. Finally, when a Protestant man marries a real Catholic woman he must be very, very much in love with her, and out of love be prepared to sacrifice himself in more ways than one. Your Church condones contraceptive birth control; hers condemns it, and teaches that the only control for married or unmarried is self-control, which, by the way is the only method found in the Old Testament or taught by Our Lord and Saviour in the New.

BIOGRAPHY

(Written on the fly-leaf of "The Imitation of Christ")

From the low round table take this book
(When I am dead)
Whose broken bindings show
Frayed pages hanging by a thread.
I give you leave, my dearest, look
Within! There, guided by the pencillings,
Read many things
Of me, interpreted so.
"The voice of books is the same,
But it teacheth not all men alike":
Did you know how it would strike
In deep—best teaching me—
That voice of trenchant, of tender irony,
When on this page you wrote my name?

Yes, spread the book upon your hand,
And, reading, understand
That one sought here "the coasts of peace"
Through long warfare:
Look! a leaf's old crease . . .
And, here, a mark—a deeper, there . . .
This line leaps out, inked bright with red,
(I hear it said
With ironic inflection)
"He that keeps himself"—*himself!*—
"In subjection,
He is indeed a conqueror . . .
And lord of all the world!"
Now, read no more,
But lay
The book upon the flame,
And lean your head upon the mantel shelf,
And watch—"Love watches"—thin leaves, upcurled,
Glowing and fading to ash; and, musing, say
"This was her aim. . . .
Not what she was, but what she wanted to be,
Is true biography."

FLORENCE CHAMPREUX MAGEE

Our Lady's Cook

JAMES WILLIAM FITZ PATRICK

THERE is a convention of crows in the woods hard by and they are squabbling raucously over some bit of carrion. As soon as the visibility gets better the convention will adjourn to the cornfield of the Man on the Place Adjoining, there to lunch on whatever kernels have been left uncovered or can be pecked out. From half a mile down the sleepy old road, where a plank bridge spans a little brook, there comes the rattle of a truck and the clatter of empty milk cans. The Man on the Place Adjoining is hurrying back from delivering his load at the roadside depot. He has heard the crows and means to ruin their luncheon party. He is impatient, too, to be at his belated haying for which the day will be all too short. But, especially, he is anxious to see whether the drillers who are boring an artesian well on the farm have struck water. His city boarders will be arriving pretty soon and he complains bitterly that like as not they'll be the kind that'll want to take a bath every couple of days. The hand-dug wells on the premises won't meet the strain and that is why the gas engine driving the drill is coughing so steadily.

Its noise will be the only out-of-key sound all day. For as soon as the mail carrier has driven up with the leg of lamb, which comes parcel post from the village butcher, and has left yesterday's papers, which will remain half or altogether unread because the doings of the world outside are of indifferent moment here, traffic for the day will be suspended on Castle Road. Once he departs there will be no distractions but the soft hush of the timothy falling in rows under the blades of the mowing machine and the diminishing songs of the birds.

Perhaps—nay certainly—there will be no punching of the typewriter. For the puncher is already sitting in the clear strong sunlight determined to do nothing except enjoy the view and soak in the peacefulness of this God-given July day. But somehow it cannot be done because his ears are deaf to the homely sounds that fill the air and his eyes blind to the serene loveliness of the vista. For it is not the Connecticut countryside that outspreads before him but the terrain just south of Soissons as it was thirty years ago this very day.

There are no fields of timothy but a long stretch of distant wheat rippling in another warm early morning breeze. There is no hay to be gathered later in the day but reaping of quite another kind. The crop will be falling men and the scythesman rides no mowing machine but comes fast and furious on high-explosive wings. The cawing crows are absent though there is carrion aplenty in the nearby woods. There is coughing, not of gas engines drilling for water, but coughing that is born of another gas that chokes and blinds. Rattling of trucks there is to be sure and the clatter of cans. But the trucks are freighted with ammunition not milk. The cans are not empty but loaded with death. There is no song of birds that rises and diminishes and rises again. Only the incessant stutter of machine guns searching, searching in the golden wheat. And finding what they search for.

With the rising of the sun the offensive has started and grown ferociously as the mists retreat before the brilliant sunlight. Behind what was once a church stands a rolling kitchen. How it got there and why it remains is another story. But there it is and beside it stands a cook half-asleep after the killing march his regiment has made two nights before to take part in the drive. His blouse is off, the neckband of his O.D. shirt is unbuttoned, and he streams with rage, sweat, and utter weariness. Every now and again he opens the fire box automatically and flings in wood that once had been kneeling benches in the church. Automatically, and despite his fatigue, he raves about the kitchen police who, to escape the monotony of stoking the rolling kitchen, have gone into action with the troops. Truth to tell they dread the German guns less than the cook's ability to find work for them to do.

The road over which the infantry has flooded to the attack hours before is relatively deserted. A first-aid station has been set up in a dugout across the way and the pill rollers attached to it have made the cook's life more miserable by begging for coffee every time he is just dropping off to sleep. For the time being their capacity for coffee has been appeased and the cook settles himself comfortably against a wheel of the kitchen. Down, down into the depths of complete and blessed oblivion he goes—

"What's chance for a cup of coffee?" a new voice drags him back to reality.

"You a cripple?" he asks without stirring. "This slum cannon's now a cafeteria. Help yourself!" Something vaguely familiar in the questioner's voice stirs the cook's curiosity. By a tremendous effort of the will he opens his eyes and by another tremendous effort keeps them open long enough to see who the intruder is. Then with no effort at all he closes his eyes and opens his mouth.

"H'lo, chaplain," he mutters. "I didn't recognize you at first. I thought when you woke me up we was fightin' the Civil War all over again and you was one of General Grant's doughboys when I seen the way you got them blankets of yours rolled. 'Taint regulation to carry them like they was a big stick of boloney!"

The stocky little man with the badly wrapped leggings and the issue uniform and the heavy horn-rimmed spectacles accepts the gibe cheerfully. The blankets rolled after the fashion seen in colored prints of Civil War soldiers are not the only infraction of army regulations of which the chaplain is guilty. The crosses on his shoulder straps are not the flat prescribed ornaments but little crucifixes with the corpus worn on the under side out of sight.

"Doggone," continues the cook, resuming from habit the office of critic, "no one wouldn't never take you for no priest with them doodle-bug cheaters and that nose and that bedroll on your back. If they wouldn't swear you was a Jew peddler, I don't want a cent." Evidently

there is neither barrier of rank nor lack of acquaintance between the two men.

"Shows you never can tell anything from appearances, Luckett," says the chaplain fishing a mess cup full of coffee out of the marmite can. "Who could ever tell you were a Catholic till just now? What parish are you from?"

"Cathlick!" exclaims the cook indignantly. "Who said that? I ain't nothin'! What's a parish? An outfit?"

"Sort of," explains the chaplain blowing on the coffee. "If you're not a Catholic, what are you wearing that rosary around your neck for?"

"Rosary, huh!", echoes the cook. "So that's what you call this thing. I didn't know what it was but when I found it and my dog-tag strings got so lousy I nearly went nutty, I used it. And, fellah, lemme tell you it works great. You don't know the peace this thing's brung me!" He hauls the rosary into view. Fastened to the crucifix with a piece of wire are his identification disks. The chaplain takes one look and the mouthful of coffee he is drinking all but strangles him. "I know you savvy, cause you know what it means to have what I got rid of," continues the cook confidently.

"Sure I savvy," nods the chaplain. He eyes the cook's grimy, unshaven, sweat-streaked face with the lines of weariness eaten into it and sees underneath the honesty and the simplicity and the stark determination to do his job even if he dies at it. So he smiles understandingly and quotes from "Our Lady's Tumbler," "This, dear Lady, is the vault of Aquitaine!"

"What?" asks the cook drowsily.

"Nothing," answers the chaplain. "I was just thinking out loud. About a lady you, unfortunately, don't know. I think perhaps she savvies better than either of us!"

As if worn out by the protracted effort of talking the cook slips away from the bracing wheel and flops on the ground.

"What's the matter?" demands the chaplain. "You gassed?"

"No," confesses the cook. "You're lookin' at a man dyin' for his country from want of sleep!"

"You can't flop there," warns the chaplain. "Somebody'll come along and turn you in."

"And with my luck it wouldn't be nobody else but Black Jack hisself," groans the cook.

"Get up," orders the chaplain, "I see just the place for you."

Now at the back of the church the Germans have turned a crypt into a kind of cellar. It looks cool and quiet from the flight of steps leading down into its darkness. "There you are," waves the chaplain. "A bed-room de luxe! In you go! What time do you wish to be called?"

"I leave it to you," says the cook, accepting the sickly looking cigarette extended him. "But what about my chow gun?"

"Never mind that," promises the chaplain. "I'll mind that until it's time for you to roll out." Back to the rolling kitchen he goes to drink another cup of coffee and meditate on the un-liturgical use of the rosary.

The sun gets hotter and the roar of the progressing offensive grows louder. Fritz's opposition is stiffening. Without warning something out of nowhere lands some distance ahead and reduces that part of the road to dust. A second and a third shell follow, tearing up the road prettily. It dawns on the chaplain that the Germans have the highway bracketed and are blowing it to pieces systematically. When the fourth shell falls unpleasantly near it occurs to the chaplain that he had better move quickly if he expects to move at all. He races across the road and falls headlong into the first-aid dug-out at the precise moment that an Austrian .88 lights between the back wall of the church and the rolling kitchen. A terrific detonation and the air is filled with flying fragments of steel, sections of the rolling kitchen, gas from the explosion and the aroma of long boiled coffee. Immediately after, there is a long low rumble followed by a dull crash as the wall of the church collapses and dumps itself down into the crypt where the cook has gone to take his nap.

The chaplain's blood freezes and his heart almost stops beating as he realizes what has happened. "God forgive me and I sent him there," he keeps repeating to himself over and over while he argues with the officer commanding the rollers.

"You're cuckoo, chaplain," remonstrates the doctor. "I can't spare anyone to go with you. There'll be a string of wounded piling in here any minute and I'm short-handed as it is. Besides that guy's deader than a mackerel."

"But he may not be," protests the chaplain.

"Fat chance," scoffs the doctor.

"I tell you I'm the burial officer among other things and I've got to find out for the record if nothing else," fumes the chaplain.

"Don't let that worry you, padre," chirps one of the pill rollers. "Lucky it's one bird your detail ain't got to bother buryin'. It's already done."

"Stay here then, you pikers," snarls the chaplain. "I'll get him myself." Across the road he goes and starts down over the piled-up masonry half-crazed with anger and grief. A slide of stones behind him makes him turn. Three of the pill rollers are following him growling disgustedly at their own foolhardiness. Not a sign of the cook's body.

"Come on, let's drag tail outa here, chaplain," begs one of the would-be rescuers. "This guy's here till Judgment Day and the rest of this here church is apt to fold up on us any minute."

Despairingly the chaplain throws the beam of his little pocket flash into the last and blackest corner of the crypt. There is the cook. The sickly looking cigarette droops from his lower lip, his tin hat is cocked over one ear and smack against it rests a rock as big as the tomb of Napoleon.

From his open mouth comes a constant series of snorts, grunts, and snores. Eight frantic hands rip his slumbers to pieces, tear him back to semi-consciousness, and drag him remorselessly over the uncertain masonry across the road and down into the first-aid dug-out.

There, while the excited rescuers are describing the marvel, elaborating and embroidering the tale as they go, to the incredulous listeners, the cook returns to life. Speech fluent, vivid, and devastating flows from him as he crackles his resentment over the rupture of his dreams and the subsequent manhandling he has received. He pooh-poohs the talk of his own peril and the heroism of the pill rollers.

At last he turns a stern eye on the chaplain, who stands blinking mistily at him through the doodle-bug cheaters.

"Don't cry, chaplain," he drawls. "It was my own fault. My old man drug me up never to have no truck with no church. This is the first time I didn't mind him and look what happened to me!"

"There's gratitude for you," complains one of the pill rollers. "Valuable lives is risked for you, your kitchen is blowed all over the world, you won't have to do a lick for weeks till you get another, and still you ain't satisfied!"

"All you're worryin' about is all that coffee you guys are goin' without from now on," chaffs Luckett. "Ain't many cooks as libral puttin' out as I am."

"You got bocoo worry comin' to you, fellah," sneers another of the rescuers. "Wait till they knock the price of that chow gun off your paycheck! Boy, you'll be fightin' wars till you're a old man before you work off that blind."

"Come on, chaplain, let's blow outa here," digresses the cook. "You and me's got work to do. Much obliged, you guys," he shouts from the top of the dugout steps.

"Don't mention it," chorus the pill rollers. "You don't owe us nothin'. By the time the Old Man gets through climbin' you for wilful destruction of Government property you'll wish we left you where you was."

The chaplain is already ranging like a distracted pointer dog around the spot where he has abandoned his blanket roll. The cook joins in the search and after much effort they finally recover it not much dirtier than it was before being blown into the ditch.

The priest sticks his head through the loop and as the cook helps settle it into place he bestows a congratulatory pat on the chaplain's back.

"Some mornin', chaplain," he announces cheerfully. "Boy, what a lot can happen in a few minutes. A church falls in on me and don't even wake me up, a shell puts my chowgun out of commission which should have been done long ago, you salvage your bedroll, and—"

"And you still have your dog-tag string," interrupts the chaplain dazedly.

"You tell 'em, fellah," chuckles the cook happily as he fingers the rosary around his neck. "And lemme tell you somethin'. Regulations or no regulations, I want to see some guy try to get it off me. I s'pose, chaplain, you know who invented this thing, but I bet you ain't got no idea the trouble it kin save a guy. Have you?" He stood awaiting an answer.

A far-away look crept into the chaplain's eyes and lingered there an instant. Then he smiled happily. "You'd be surprised," he said softly as they picked their way up the road where death had met them and passed them by.

Stalin Proclaims

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

STALIN, the master of Soviet Russia, came out with a new policy at the time President Hoover produced his: the Soviet dictator talked conservatism while the rest of the world talked hope. In point of fact, the coincidence was not as accurate as at first sight appeared. Stalin's speech to the congress of Soviet economists was delivered June 23, but appeared only on July 5, in the Moscow *Izvestiya*. Nor is it by any means sure how much the external events, rather than domestic circumstances, really did have anything to do with this change in policy. Stalin makes no mention of the outside world. But there is enough novelty in the speech to make it worth study.

He deals with just that simple question which has haunted the Soviet program from the beginning: will the workers work? The supposition all along has been that they will work, when they are given full political power and the prospect of a Socialist share in the profits. Stalin, however, found that the mere establishment of a Socialist program was not sufficient to ensure delivery of the goods to be exported and so pay Russia's home bills. Stimulus was needed, as well as technical training and technical supervision of large enterprises. The device of Communist "shock troops and Socialist com-

petition" was resorted to; German, then American, experts were called in; and the week, with its general day of rest, was abolished.

The speech of June 23 starts out from the basis that in spite of all these devices the workers do not work. "Some branches of industry," he begins, "have increased forty to fifty per cent over last year's production. Some have yielded not more than twenty to thirty per cent increase." And some have shown an improvement of only six to ten per cent or less, over last year's record.

Analysis of "what's the trouble," which is accomplished in orderly fashion under seven principal headings, leads to some interesting conclusions, from the Socialist point of view.

There is no longer any "labor market." The traditional stream of labor from the country to the city no longer provides a reserve of possible workers. The remedy therefore is to organize the labor supply on a basis of contracts with the *kolkhozy*, the collective farms; and to promote the mechanization of heavy manual labor. No use, he remarks, to "sigh for the 'good old times,' when labor went 'of its own accord' to the job."

Labor turnover is appalling. "You will find few concerns where the body of workers in the course of half

a year or even of one quarter is not changed by at least thirty to forty per cent." The huge labor turnover has turned into a "scourge for production, disorganizing all our enterprises." The cause of this evil is the absurd idea that everybody is to receive the same wages, so that there is practically no difference between the skilled and the unskilled worker. The cause is a false "equalitarianism." Hence the workman is contented to skimp his job, and hie himself elsewhere to "seek his fortune." The characteristic reasoning follows: the invention of an abstraction, with a corresponding nickname ("equalitarians"), so as to place the blame on others, and the invocation of Marx and Lenin.

In order to get rid of this evil, we must abolish equalitarianism and destroy the old scale of wages. To get rid of this evil, we must organize a wage scale that will take to account the difference between heavy labor and light labor. We cannot permit the man who runs a rolling mill in the coal mine to receive no more than a street sweeper. We cannot allow a machinist on a railroad to receive no more than a copying clerk. Marx and Lenin say that the difference between skilled and unskilled labor will exist even under Socialism, even after the annihilation of the difference of classes—that only under Communism will all differences vanish, that for this reason the scale of wages even under Socialism should correspond to the work, and not to the [individual's] need. . . . But our equalitarians do not agree with this. . . . Who are right? Marx and Lenin? or the equalitarians?

The blunt words of Maurice Hindus, spoken last winter before the Foreign Policy Association, that there is "no Communism in Soviet Russia" come here from the mouth of Stalin himself. Nor could the ultra-capitalist, the calculating exploiter of labor, wish any better motto than that of paying the worker strictly on the basis of his production and not on the basis of human needs (for these appear to be Stalin's implications).

Still more novel conclusions follow by an easy step. Under a thin veil of benevolence lies the admission that the workers now need technically trained men who, but a short time ago, were regarded as pariahs. After describing the need of men of talent and initiative, Stalin observes:

Among these comrades there are not a few who do not belong to the [Communist] party; but that should be no obstacle to our boldly lifting them up to commanding positions. In that way they will become fully convinced that our party puts a premium on capable and talented workmen. . . . Our policy consists in establishing between the party and the non-party members an atmosphere of "mutual confidence," an atmosphere of "mutual verification" (Lenin).

Even the members of the old intelligentsia are to be welcomed back to the fold. A few months ago everyone who had even the remotest connection with the old regime was a potential "damager" (*vreditel*). As recently as September 25, 1930, *Izvestiya* published the list of forty men, most of them fifty or sixty years of age, recommended by the "College of the OGPU" to be shot (and they were shot) for membership in a "counter-revolutionary damaging organization." The mere expression of doubt as to the feasibility of some technical plan was *prima facie* evidence of "damaging": a capital crime. But now says Stalin, all this is over:

We possess well-defined evidence of the conversion of a notable part of the intelligentsia, who formerly were damagers plotting

against the Soviet regime. . . . This, of course, does not mean that there will be no more damagers. By no means. There are and there will be damagers as long as classes exist, as long as we are surrounded by capitalists. But it does mean that soon a notable part of the old technical intelligentsia, who formerly sympathized in one way or the other with the damagers, now confide in the Soviet regime. Only a small fraction remain of active damagers: these are isolated, and soon will have to disappear underground.

Hence, concludes Stalin, we should show love and sympathy, not hatred, for the technically trained members of the old intelligentsia. Which *seems* to mean, in plain English, that the American technicians on whom he was setting such immense expectations at the very time he attempted to hold up Professor Ramzin and his Russian associates to ridicule before the whole world—the Americans interviewed by Mr. Knickerbocker of the New York *Evening Post* in his memorable explorations of industrial Russia—became so dissatisfied with Soviet procrastination, Soviet party disputes and Government interference, that Stalin felt it prudent to reef some sails, and cultivate the aid again of the native products.

How far Stalin's famous "party line," that ever-shifting line of policy that keeps his followers on tenterhooks, can swing afield from its previously plotted course, is shown by the most sensational—even if not the most important—concession proclaimed in his speech. It shows, too, even more than the preceding examples, his trick of proving that others, not he, are responsible for the change of policy, and of covering up the whole affair by deftly flourishing another abstraction before your nose. Stalin, as we know, had done away completely with the traditional week and general day of rest, by introducing the *nepreryvka*, the uninterrupted five-day period of work, according to which only the members of the same eight-hour shift would enjoy a day's rest at the same time. Husband and wife, members of families, were particularly to be divided by this scheme, so that the bourgeois idea of family life should be utterly broken up. All this, in the interests of production.

Now, this same uninterrupted five-day period suddenly is proved to hinder production, not to further it. Because the whole thing was a huge mistake? No: an abstraction is brought in: "impersonality" (*obezlichka*) is at fault. "What is impersonality? Impersonality is the absence of any kind of responsibility for the work entrusted to you, the absence of responsibility for machinery, for machines, for tools."

Impersonality, however, is the enemy of production. It has spoiled the uninterrupted work-period (*nepreryvka*), which is a fine thing in itself. It has caused the comrades to betray *nepreryvka*, to turn her into impersonality:

To liquidate this condition and to annihilate impersonality there are two possible modes of action. Either the five-day period is to be modified, as is now done in the transport industry—or, where conditions are not now favorable for such a plan, to get rid of the "paper *nepreryvka*," and to go over temporarily to a six-day interrupted period, as they did recently in the Stalingrad tractor factory [the factory that was never got to function] and to prepare conditions suitable for real, non-paper *nepreryvka*. . . . There is no other course to be followed.

Our economists must have known this all along.

But they were silent. Why? Evidently because they are afraid of the truth. But since when were Bolsheviks afraid of the truth? . . . Who will be so bold as to say that the interests of preserving this paper and treacherous *nepreryvka* are of higher order than the proper organization of labor, higher than the interests of our socialist industry? Is it not plain, that the sooner we bury our paper *nepreryvka* the sooner we shall be able to organize our non-paper *nepreryvka*?

And so, he concludes, "let impersonality be liquidated." Finally, the newly introduced cost-accounting system is upheld.

It is idle to speculate how far these revocations of former policies indicate a lasting change of plan. It is perfectly plausible to believe, as Leon Trotsky himself maintains, that they are mere temporary deviations. But the changes are sufficiently violent to make us wonder how far the leaders of Soviet Russia can count on the continued mental docility of their subordinates.

Sociology

The Worm That Talked

JEROME BLAKE

OURS is a completely industrial community. By this I mean that modern industry and its philosophy vitally and immediately affect the life of every man, woman and child in our little city; a city built around and economically bound to a huge plant, one of many operated by a gigantic corporation producing a basic commodity. Operation of this plant is unceasing—the bulk of its operatives being shift men whose work period of eight hours in twenty-four changes every seven days and is cyclic by three-week spans.

Continuous operation with its necessary relaying of labor has reared a curiously menacing tradition here. Born in resentment of unnatural work hours, this tradition not merely condones but demands that the shift worker extract every last bit of pleasure possible from his free time. It may be surmised that voluntary attention to the spiritual life in this atmosphere is small, and it must be confessed that such is the case. Perhaps a law of compensation operates to make these men, economically shift-bound, tend to shiftlessness in religion and morals. I do not pretend to know.

Of our shift workers—made up of "old-stock" Americans, foreigners, and colored people—a fair percentage is of Italian extraction and, nominally, at least, Catholic. The religious views of the plant management are—also nominally—Presbyterian; but the Calvinistic tenet of material prosperity as evidence of Divine approval is unquestionably accepted by these gentlemen. And since a fixed wage or salary for a given job grade is the plant rule, our expectancy of material advancement consists solely in our hope for promotion. Thus our efforts for economic betterment have degenerated into a sordid race for managerial approval. Obviously, we cannot all become foremen and superintendents, but our "old-stock" native whites are coached to think they can; therefore whole-souled effort to this end is a fundamental of our industrial philosophy. As a result, we tend to approve and cultivate

in our offspring only those traits that seem helpful to attain the coveted prize. In short, we are all absorbed in petty intrigue, and sycophancy passes for cleverness in the game.

As might be expected, the plant management has given lavishly to the local Presbyterian churches. Other churches have also been the recipients of plant bounty, albeit to a lesser extent. But the two Catholic parishes pay as they go. Make no mistake here. Catholics, too, could easily participate in plant largess, for the corporation's policy includes all churches as "factors for good" in its "welfare program." But our Catholic pastors are gently insistent on maintaining complete freedom from entangling alliances. Partly as a result of this policy of independence and partly due to our materialistic outlook, twenty-odd years of organized Catholic life in this community can show but one church—and no parish school! The parish lacking a church is about six years old. Here the Holy Sacrifice is still offered in a rented building, and prospects for a parish school under another decade or so are slender indeed. In the older parish when plans for the school were about to fruit, a fire, which razed the church, indefinitely postponed them.

But our public schools, primary and secondary—ah, these are indeed objects of community complacency, if not of solicitude. Five splendid modern buildings shelter our hopefuls in pursuit of knowledge. And, too, we are up-to-the-minute in curriculum. Here the young idea is taught to shoot from the grades to junior and finally to senior high school. It is expensive, but protest dies on the lips of the disgruntled taxpayer when he is shown impressive lists of courses offered, and equally impressive graduation exercises including capped and gowned graduates, and is treated to solemn "baccalaureate" sermons delivered in the Presbyterian church. Any remaining obduracy on his part is sure to be overcome by the clincher argument: community progress.

It is an odd fact that discussion of our local education rarely fails to include deprecatory references to our Italian population. Prosperous and "regular" (Nordic) citizens are wont to deplore the Latin presence in our midst, to view it as an affliction. " . . . Such low standards, you know. . . . Why, only the other day my Edgar confessed he had learned those awful expressions from that Benedetto brat . . . Oh, my dear! that's nothing. You should have heard the tale my Berenice told me about those unspeakable Capoccia children. . . ." etc.

Before the second Catholic parish was formed an effort was made by the good Presbyterians to proselytize young Italy; and—by dint of gifts—they did prevail on some fitfully to attend their Sunday school. However, the movement died of anemia coincident with the advent of the second Catholic parish.

Some years later, the local American Legion Post, fired with zeal, formed an "Americanization" class which made a dead set at the Italians. Although the Italians who were objects of Post solicitude were almost all naturalized citizens, it was felt that they were not fully in sympathy with our "national aims" (whatever they may be). I think this gesture was prompted by the appearance, in the

Legion *Monthly*, of an article defending "National Origins" legislation, from the pen of Richard Washburn Child. (Candor compels the admission that the Childean article was more conspicuous for heat than light.) But, alas, this high endeavor met the fate of the abortive Presbyterian evangel. And all because the Dames of Malta and the Ladies of the Junior Order, United American Mechanics, indignantly spurned their position (drawn by lot) in a Fourth of July parade—behind an Italo-American society! Remarkably, in the public mind it was the Italians who were blamed for the resultant fiasco.

Now the Croces—Madame, Desiderio (her husband) and six children—conduct a neighborhood grocery and notion shop. A red brick two-story serves them in the double capacity of residence and business place. After visits here, my wife and I have repeatedly remarked the little shop for its invariable cleanliness, and praised Madame for her neatness and dignity. Fancy then my surprise when, on a recent evening trip there, I was accosted by the usually taciturn Madame as follows:

"Meest' Blake, whan we go'n have a Cath'leec school here?"

Mindful of our parish's puny church-building fund, I sadly shook my head. Whereupon Madame Croce, grimly ignoring Desiderio's warning glance, continued:

"Meest' Blake, I'm tal you thee truth: me, I'm jus' seek from thees contree. Twan'y year I'm leev here—an' now I'm seek—een my heart."

Her ample bosom heaved, and her ordinarily calm eyes flashed fire through silver-rimmed spectacles. She resumed: "Me, I'm read 'Mer'can pape' an' books—an' I'm alltime look 'round on thee pipples—on thee schools; an' I'm theenk thees contree craz' sure 'nough."

She paused; then, nodding toward nine-year-old Giovanni, a bright-eyed curly-head playing about the shop: "Heem come an' tal me, hees teach' een school—jus' a yong gu'l—een front tha class she powd' tha fass an' mak' red tha leeps—weeth tha lags cross—an' tha short skirt! Tha 'Mer'can boys swear an' poun' tha feest, an' tha gu'ls laugh at her—an' she's do notheeng!"

Here I recalled our prosperous and "regular" citizens who blame the "low standards" of our Italian group for "Junior's" deportment lapses. Too, I visioned little Leatrice Lowell, precocious daughter of a plant foreman (now twenty years old, and two years a teacher) whose mother, eight years ago, countered shocked protest at the spectacle of her daughter "stepping out evenings" squired by worldly goslings, with a comfortable: "Indeed, I think the dear child should have her fun. Goodness knows I had little enough when I was a girl."

But Madame Croce was speaking:

"Een my contree tha boys ees teach' by tha ol' man weeth beard do'n ta here," she indicated her generous waistline, "an' tha gu'ls ees teach' by tha Seest', tha Nons. Een Italia, seex' grad' ees jus' sam' tha high school here. High school," her lip curled contemptuously, "high, sure—for tax! See—tha boy come out high school. He gat diplom'—bot on'y theeng he gat ta do ees tha labor job. Tha gu'l, she wanna job eena office. Pleeese, you tal me, who go'n mak' tha home, raise tha fam'lee?"

Again she paused; and the bitterness in her comely face changed to wistfulness ere she resumed.

"Meest' Blake, you know my Angelo?" I did. Who didn't? A nineteen-year-old sheik who affected sartorial extremes, drove a car about town with mad abandon—and seemingly did nothing else. I nodded.

"Een high school Angelo play tha football. They tal heem: 'Goodaboy, Angelo'—an' he gat swall head. Bot, w'y they lat heem go through high school w'an they know he a'nt learn'? I'm tal you w'y: bicoss he's play tha football.

"You theenk I'm go'n lat my Rosa go tha high school? O-o-o-oh NO! She's go'n stay weeth me an' learn ta kip tha house. High school ees bad plass for good gu'l." Madame had finished.

Desiderio now seemed to feel that Madame merited some support. He gave it.

"Meest' Blake, I'm theenk thass purr' bad een tha high school. Lasta summ' I'm see those keeds eena park—late at night—boys an' gu'ls—purr' bad." The Croce establishment is adjacent to our municipal park.

Footting it homeward I pondered Madame Croce's problem.

Granted that a sharp distinction exists between the non-Catholic American's notions of morality and the Catholic ideal, it does not follow that gently constructive criticism—locally applied—must ever be fruitless. Where Catholic children must of necessity attend public schools it would seem but common sense to protest slackness and irregularity in their conduct. Again, where opposition to a parish school-building program develops in a Catholic group on grounds of alleged excellence of local public schools (an argument of our co-religionists more thrifty than devout) it might be well to recall the problem of Madame Croce, the worm who turned—and talked.

Education

But Is It Education?

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

THE matter is of no interest to any, except to my Superiors in Religion, if to them, but I often look forward to the Day of Judgment with a certain yearning. On that occasion we shall be asked to give an account of our sins of omission and commission; a formidable examination, it must be conceded. But the Recording Angel has nothing in his book that is not true. He will not ask you to explain those furtive, but convenient, little compromises with conscience, which you have not made. He will not confront you with words which you have not uttered. That is why every Catholic editor takes courage as he reflects on the Day of Doom. Crawling along in his earthly career, he has been taxed with so much of which he is innocent, that he feels sure of compensation at the end of the road.

I am moved to take this consolation to myself on reading a letter from a gentle critic, noting an exception to certain statements which he attributes to me. I am not quite sure that he does not confound me with Dr. Luther

Weigle, of Yale, whom I have often quoted, and notably to this effect five years ago:

When the public school ignores religion, it conveys to our children the suggestion that religion is without truth or value. It becomes, quite unintentionally, I grant, a fosterer of atheism and irreligion. The present system reflects the conviction of no one except of such free thinkers as have been fetched up in atheism. . . . The ignoring of religion by the public schools of America endangers the perpetuity of those religious and moral institutions which are most characteristic of American life. It imperils the future of religion among us, and with religion, the future of the nation itself. (*New York Times*, May 16, 1926.)

I quite agree with this indictment, but I did not draw it. After five years Dr. Weigle sees no reason to change it, for he repeated it last month in one of the conferences at the University of Virginia's Institute of Public Affairs. It is this statement, I think, that my critic had in mind. Citing some figures which I had used to contrast the steady decrease in illiteracy with the no less steady increase in crime, he exclaims, "Surely, it is absurd for you to write that the improved education which the public schools are giving our people is the cause of criminals."

Well, I did not write that.

But I have no desire to evade the issue. I agree with Washington that "reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle," but I can admit the possibility of exposing a boy to a thoroughly secularized system of education without destroying his devotion to religious principle. In individual cases, other and more powerful influences can sometimes beat down the ordinarily disastrous results of a system which ignores or attacks religion. Obviously, this is a faulty educational method, but when nothing else is available, it can be used as a protection against loss of religious and moral vitality. Some of the most militant Catholics I have known attended non-Catholic schools, simply because it was impossible for their parents to send them to Catholic schools. These children were not only warned of the dangers to which they were subjected, but were thoroughly instructed in Catholic belief and practice at home, and so, like the three youths, came out of the ordeal with not even the smell of fire upon their garments.

Clearly, however, their case cannot be brought up as the usual, the commonplace, result of exposure to a system which eliminates Almighty God. Were that contention true, we might safely close all our schools and colleges tomorrow. There are far too many instances in which the influence of a religious home has been powerless against the influence of a secular training at school. Furthermore, in how many modern homes, are parents willing or able to give any instruction in religion worthy the name?

Now suppose that this secularized education controls nine out of every ten children in the country, and that not for one generation, but for four. How much religion will be left in that country? If there is little religion, there will be less morality. With little religion and less morality, it is inevitable that the crime rate should rise.

Those good people who accept a public secularized system of education, without qualms, relying upon homes and

religious organizations to promote the moral welfare of a people, do not realize the extent to which atheism and practical irreligion are organized, nor the appeal in these days of a doctrine of morals which makes the individual himself the final judge of right and wrong. Dr. Weigle speaks with restraint when he says plainly that a school system which satisfies no one but the atheist, imperils religion, morality, and the stability of the State.

Suppose, once more, that secularized system to be so firmly established that the cost of its support, amounting to billions of dollars annually, is the largest single item in every city budget; that it controls the elementary and secondary education of nearly all our children; that after four generations it is so widespread throughout the country as to be accepted, mistakenly, as a "national institution"; in brief, suppose it to be the one State-supported, dominant agency in the education of the people. Add to these suppositions, all of which are in reality plain facts, the further fact that this system excludes all definite teaching of religion and of a morality founded upon religion, from the training of the child. It will then be impossible to escape the conviction that a people who subject their children to this system must be prepared to struggle with disorder, crime, disrespect for law, and immorality.

If an example be sought, look—let it be spoken with shame—at the United States. We lead the world, and lead it easily, in crimes against the person and property.

Finally, it should be clear to all who believe in the existence of a supernatural order, that secular education is not, in any true sense, education. It may train the senses, and care for the body, and impart a certain degree of information; but this is not education. It might be education, were man a creature differing in degree but not in kind, from the beast of the field; or if his perfection consisted in manual skill, physical well being, and the possession of a fund of knowledge. But man's life is not bounded by the limitations of time or space. Beyond possibilities that can be attained on this earth, lie possibilities realizable only in another world, at which he must aim. With obligations to his fellows and to the State, he also has duties to Him who created both his fellows and the State.

The education, then, which neglects to train for life hereafter is not merely defective, but positively wrong. It is not a body which lacks a limb or a sense, but a body which lacks a soul. That is, it is not education at all, but a corpse, since it lacks that which is the very soul of education. Catholics condemn it, not because "it is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough," but because from the very beginning it goes in the wrong direction.

Since education consists essentially in preparing man for what he must be, and for what he must do, here below, in order to attain the sublime end for which he was created, it is clear that there can be no true education which is not wholly directed to man's last end, and that in the present order of Divine Providence, since God has revealed Himself to us in the Person of His Only-Begotten Son, who alone is "the way, the truth, and the life," there can be no ideally perfect education which is not Christian education.

So spoke Pius XI in his Encyclical on "The Christian Education of Youth." Hence, what my critic styles "improved education," I am unable to admit as education at all, for "it is clear that there can be no true education which is not *wholly* directed to man's last end." That it may not be overlooked, I have ventured to underscore a short but decisive word in the Pontiff's definition of education.

With Scrip and Staff

ONE fine day this spring, a couple of Mohammedans undertook to prove the assertion, that in the metropolis nobody notices anyone else. So they spread their prayer rug on Fifth Avenue, in New York, in front of the Public Library; faced towards Mecca—which would be in the general direction of the Empire State Building—and began their devotions. According to their account, nobody paid the slightest attention to them save one or two girls who glanced for a moment their way.

Mohammedanism continues to spread with little notice from the Christian world. The Fathers of the Society of the African Missions, who evangelize Dahomey and the Ivory Coast on Western Africa, state that Islam is the greatest single difficulty they have to contend with. Once turned Mohammedan, the pagan native who had been friendly to the missions becomes their bitterest enemy. Its advance is made easier by the many varieties of Christianity which the denominations present. Chinese Mohammedans, according to the Apostolic Delegate to China, Archbishop Costantini, in his address delivered before the Propaganda in Rome on March 5, are very persevering.

Totaling from thirty to fifty millions they are found in large groups in Kansu and Chinese Turkestan and are also scattered over the whole of China. They have their mosques, little different from the Chinese pagodas, in practically all the big centers. These Chinese Mohammedans are still Mohammedans. Even if their intimate religion is not very deep, there are certain rigid observances of external religious customs. They are entirely Chinese in language, dress, commercial and social habits, and even their physical appearance is scarcely distinguishable from that of the other Chinese, yet in religion they are rigidly Mohammedan.

An active Mohammedan propaganda, not without success, is being carried on among the colored population of New York City.

COULD the good that is in some features of Islam be preserved, claims Msgr. Mulla—himself a distinguished convert from Mohammedanism, and professor of Moslem studies at the Pontifical Oriental Institute in Rome—and its anti-Christian influence be averted, they would help to combat some of the evils of our age. Last year, at the annual French Social Week, which took place at Marseilles, and meets this summer at Mulhouse, in Alsace, Msgr. Mulla made a thoughtful analysis of the "genius of Islam," which explains how it has attracted some souls worthy of a higher form of religion. "What do we actually find at the basis of the Moslem system?" he asks; and answers, referring of course to the higher forms of Moslem speculation:

A profound idea of God as a Being both inaccessible and immanent; an overmastering idea of His almighty power which governs everything, which at His will causes that series of momentary accidents which we call "creatures" to appear and disappear; an atomistic and discontinuous notion of nature and of history that is entirely opposed to the Greek concept of the *cosmos* (the ordered world) with its permanent types and necessary sequence of events.

We find a lively sentiment both of the concrete singularity of beings in the successive instants of their continued—or rather renewed—creation and of the frailness of this world whose image passes. We find the need of detaching oneself from perishable things so as to turn to the contemplation of Him who alone remains. This, I think, is the general view of the world, the basic "intention" which has impressed itself on all Islam's civilization and on the minds and consciences formed in its midst.

Islam, he points out, "is hostile to financial speculation, to the piling up of financial capital, to State loans, to taxes or tariffs on articles of prime necessity. It stands for the rights of the father and the husband, for private property, and for commercial capital. From the social point of view, Islam occupies an intermediate position between the doctrines of bourgeois capitalism and Bolshevik Communism." It is opposed to polytheism as well as to the formlessness of Oriental mysticism. It was the Arabs who helped to pass on the heritage of Greek thought to the later European world.

The intellectual ferment, however, which is now agitating some of the Moslem world, notably Turkey, must, in his opinion, bring them to a consciousness of the need of Christianity. For only the Christian concept of life can enable them to bring order into all the mass of ideas, religious aspirations, scientific discoveries, social improvements, educational advance, etc., which are bubbling up in the newer generation. Christianity, in his view, will be the true Light which will enable them to profit by their own light.

EVEN where Christianity is not actually embraced, its light may penetrate into pagan circles and prepare the way for the full acceptance of the truth in due time. The Rev. Hiroshi Hatanaka, Moderator of the Kumiai (Congregational) Churches of Japan, quotes, in the *Congregationalist* for July 16, what Professor Yubuki of Tokyo Imperial University, "a devoted Buddhist," has to say about the influence of Christianity in Japan:

1. It taught what purity means, and stamped Japanese homes with new ideals of real purity.
2. It taught the need of the social application of moral and religious ideals which had been altogether individualistic, thus giving added importance and dignity to religion.
3. The Christian doctrine of monotheism has given the people a moral driving power, which a pantheistic view of life could not give.
4. The Christian conception of God gives a sense of security.

Today, however, says Mr. Hatanaka, Communism is spreading:

Persecutions are things of the past for Christian churches in Japan, and the best—at least the most serious-minded—young men have a tendency to identify themselves with the Communist movements. There are today in the prisons over 2,000 young men of twenty to thirty years of age because of their connection with Communism. According to investigations made among 239 of them who had higher education, 113 had excellent records while in school, 82 very good records, 45 were ordinary students, and only 12 were below the passing mark.

The steady undermining, in our Western universities, of the idea of a personal God, has helped to prepare the ground for Communism among Oriental students.

THE *Kunstwart*, a German publication, in its issue for June, 1931, blames the indifference of foreign industrialists to Oriental labor conditions for the spread of Communism in China. The "hungry masses are enticed to the factories. . . . The immense oversupply of labor forces the condition and the wage of the workingman to the lowest possible point. Sunday rest is practically unknown; there is no protective legislation for workmen, none for women and children."

Chinese students in foreign countries, the writer continues, bring back the results of their studies of Marx and Engels, and turn the natural organizing tendency of the Chinese into the service of revolutionary ideas.

Precisely to meet this difficulty, however, Catholic Action has recently been so vigorously organized in China, under the leadership of Archbishop Costantini. In his address, quoted above, he deals at length with the question of Bolshevism. Warning against its dangers, he expresses the hope that "this immense and naturally good people" will not fall a victim to it, and gives the following grounds for his hope:

1. The Chinese people are a people full of plain common sense. It is true that they have an innate gregarious spirit and they are easily led, but while they can be inflamed for a moment they quickly regain their equilibrium because they are not by nature a mystical people.
2. Where Bolshevism has been implanted with its red flag and organized government (that is, in many districts of the central provinces of China), it has to be maintained by force, the people having a passive attitude and in general longing for the opportune moment of liberating themselves from these new tyrants.
3. In China there are not many large estates; property is well divided. The Communists therefore cannot distribute land to the peasants as they did in Russia.
4. The Chinese nation is built on the family. The family is everything in China. . . . Bolshevism preaches a doctrine which destroys the family, attacking thereby the most intimate and most profound basis of Chinese life.
5. Finally, the national government of new China has declared unequivocally its determination to combat Bolshevism and has recently reported notable successes.

None of these considerations, however, prevent the disrupting force of Bolshevik agitation being a source of tremendous danger in China.

FEW things can more discourage Mohammedan or Communist propaganda among American Negroes than the sight of religious women of their race working unselfishly for the improvement of the condition of the poor. One of these, Mother M. Theodore Williams, foundress of the community of Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, who died in New York City on July 14, gave the example of a martyr of charity. Her illness and death, at the age of sixty-three, was brought about by superhuman labors in relief work during the past distressing winter. Her only comment was: "I have no regrets." She left behind her a community of twenty for social and young people's welfare work among the colored population, non-Catholic and Catholic alike. THE PILGRIM.

Literature

Braggs Senior of Shotttery

CHARLES PHILLIPS

"SHAKESPEARE," says the elder Brags, "illustrious sire of an illustrious son," in the delightful essay, "The Strolling Players of Stratford," by Charles Warren Stoddard, "Shakespeare don't pay for kerosene." And he went further, "as he swung his empty mug in a great circle that seemed to embrace everything on the subject." "Stratford," he declared, "is a bad show town."

Poor old Brags Senior! In his peripatetic struggle for stout and potatoes he must have invariably faced extinction every year that brought him around to Stratford; for Stratford, even in the days when Stoddard visited it, offered as rival to the attractions of the vagabond actors nothing less than Shakespeare himself, as presented by the permanently established Shakespeare Theater. There, Master Will's very soul took the boards night after night in the immortal verse of his own plays. Against such rivalry, how could the elder Brags and his strolling players with their two-penny tent show hope to compete? No wonder that Brags Senior told Stoddard that Stratford was "a bad show town," and waved his empty ale mug in desperation.

Good old "Dad" Stoddard, famous for his "South Sea Idyls" . . . there are some left yet who remember him in the days of his youth, when he occupied what he playfully called "the lounge of English Literature" at Notre Dame University. But I knew him only as "Dad" . . . good old Dad Stoddard used to tell me many interesting yarns about his Stratford days. And now, whenever the Stratford Players come over to this country, as they are to do again this year, we are told, and especially when they play the flavorful "Merry Wives," I go back instinctively to recollections of Stoddard and to my favorite among his books, "Exits and Entrances," to spend many happy hours with him at Shotttery.

Shotttery and Stratford in this delightful book of Stoddard have been framed forever within the pleasing confines of the familiar essay; they live in the pages of "A Shotttery Tryst" and "The Strolling Players" as surely and permanently as Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" lives in the Irishman's melodious and wistful verses. And what is more, out of those pages Shakespeare himself emerges much more intimately and alive than in any formal biography. It is not that Stoddard tells us anything new of the Bard; it is not, in fact, that he tells us anything at all about him. He simply opens to our view, with the most charming of inviting gestures, the world that Shakespeare knew. Shakespeare is there, the Shakespeare that played as a baby in his cradle with Robin Goodfellow; Shakespeare the boy, who "with his satchel and shining morning face" went "creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

The fields that he romped in now offer their soddy turf to our tread; we cross them, from Stratford to Shotttery, and wonder what the thoughts of that truant mind may

have been. "There I touched grass and mellow soil," Stoddard tells us in his limpid narrative, "and heard a thrush sing in a hawthorn hedge. . . . On either hand the meadows were moist and green. . . . I crossed the railroad in the midst of one of the meadows, and having got safely into the meadow beyond, I came to a land of peace, where sheep were munching young grass, up to their eyes in wool. They munched and munched and stared with their blank, shallow, buttonlike eyes that seemed to be sewed into their ridiculous faces, all the while standing so still it seemed as if their stilt-like legs must have been driven a little into the sod."

Young Shakespeare saw those sheep. Since nothing so stupid as a sheep can possibly suffer the pangs of evolution, we are perfectly sure that Shakespeare saw the very sheep that Stoddard saw, "up to their eyes in wool." And that, by the way, is a characteristic touch of Stoddard humor, what William Dean Howells called his "mustang humor." His pen was always making strokes like that. Shakespeare himself need not have blushed to give us that dainty morsel of literary surprise.

And what did Shakespeare hear, crossing the meadows to Shottery to see Ann Hathaway? "In the midst of lush grass, compassed about by limitless greensward, the trees whose bark was black with rain, and more of those bland-faced sheep, I heard a voice that was a new interpretation of nature—a piping reed-like voice that seemed to be played upon by summer winds; a rushing rivulet of song fed from a ceaseless fountain of melodious joy. I looked for the singer whose contagious rhapsody accorded all nature to its theme! It was not of the earth; those golden notes seemed to shower out of the sky like sunbeams; yet I saw no bird in the blank blue above me. If bird it were, it was invisible, and that voice was the sole evidence of its corporeal life. Such fingering of delicate stops and ventages, such rippling passages as compassed the gamut of bird ballads, vague and variable as a symphony of river-reeds breathed into by soft gales, such fine-spun threads of silken song; and then a gush of wild, delirious music—why did not that bird heart break and the warm bundle of feathers drop back to earth, while the soul that had burst from its fleshly cage live on forever, a disembodied song!"

Marginal notes and commentaries on the perfect songs of lyric poets are seldom anything but gratuitous distractions. But here, in this delicious passage of Stoddard's prose, is a note and a commentary on Shakespeare's "Hark! Hark! The Lark" that not only makes the lyric itself more beautiful, but makes the maker of it a living being. Halting thus in the Shottery fields, we not only hear the lark that Shakespeare heard, but we see Shakespeare listening to its song. "Oh, how he sang! Topsy with sunshine and sweet air, while the world was reeling below him, and the little worldlings were listening to his canticle with dumb wonderment. I found him at last, away up toward the planets, seeming the merest leaf afloat upon the invisible currents of the air. He was never at rest. It was not enough that his madrigal had revealed a new joy in life to one listener, at least; he must needs pant upon the waves of the air like a strong swim-

mer, crying out in ecstasy. He drifted for a moment, and graciously descended toward the earth; but his rapture was not yet ended, for he again aspired, and grew smaller than any leaf, and I saw nothing but a mote panting upon the bosom of a cloud, and heard nothing but a still small voice coming down to me out of the high heaven of his triumph."

The spirit of Shakespeare must have stood smiling by the side of the poet from over the western seas when Stoddard heard that lark and wrote those words. There must have been wonderment and amaze in the eyes of the Bard as he marked this strange fellow come from those far lands that Walter Raleigh used to tell about, the land of Calibans and Ariels, that Shakespeare put into his fantastic "Tempest" play. "Belike these curious Barbado men, they have a relish for master skylark's song! Aye, and they be poets, too!"

But it was when Stoddard goes chumming among the strolling players that Will the Prince of Players comes most livingly back to us. Was he not a strolling actor himself, when he went up first to London town with Leicester's players, in 1587, at the age of twenty-three? And before that, at home in Stratford, where had he got his first taste of the world of playacting, but from the vans of gypsying comedians? Maybe Shakespeare saw some of the old Miracle Plays of York in his boyhood? The last of the Nativity Plays was done there in the year 1579, when young Will was fifteen. But whether that be true or not, that he knew well and was quickly fascinated by the strolling troupers who came to Stratford, as Leicester's players came in 1587, may be accepted as a fact. And among them, how often he must have seen and talked with just such a character as Stoddard's Senior Brags—a typical barnstorming "cock-o'-the-walk," full, to the last lock of his histrionic hair, of the gusto, charm, and irresponsibility of the starving happy artist.

Just as in Shakespeare's own day, so the strolling players of Stoddard's sketch came and went in a horse-drawn van. "A short stepladder led to a door in the rear . . . and as we approached" (Stoddard and the Illustrious Brags, arm in arm) "I could not avoid catching a glimpse of the interior. It was like the pretty show-boxes into which you peep with an eye, but are never permitted to enter in the flesh; only here the box was large enough to live in. Its interior disclosed such a wonderful combination of colors that all thought of form was for the moment forgotten; it seemed to me like an enormous kaleidoscope, and I had no doubt on my first glance that if you were to tip the whole concern over on its side, everything would assume a new and brilliant combination of colors and form, quite different from the last and even more unintelligible . . . I entered with curious eyes; the little home on wheels was like a revelation. The walls were hung with stage wardrobe of the most gaudy description; swords, banners, battle-axes, and kitchen furniture discovered themselves everywhere; it was a thin slice out of the very heart of a pantomime. There was an inner room of the same description, and a bed in each. Here Brags and Mrs. Brags Senior, Brags and Mrs. Brags

Junior, were domesticated. Where Billy slept it would be hard to state, though perhaps he never sleeps, as is the case with some precocious children. . . . With a pot of stout on the floor between us, and a creamy mug in our hand, we exchanged experiences and made observations on men and things in language not dreamed of in your philosophy."

It may have been through acquaintance with just such a troupe as this that Shakespeare got his characterization of the strolling players that he later wrote into "Hamlet." Mrs. Brags Senior, Stoddard makes us feel, was as stately a player queen as ever trod the boards at Elsinore; she must have had her prototype in Shakespeare's day. Billy, who "at the prodigious age of eleven finds his euphonious name starred in the bills of the evening," might well have been a lineal descendant of the First Player of "Hamlet" mouthing "Aeneas' tale to Dido"; as "Tattoo" in "The Grand Spectacular Representation in Seven Tableaus, 'The Wars of Napoleon,'" Billy had ample experience at spouting gorgeous rhetoric. And assuredly he would have learned much of that art from his grandiloquent sire, Brags Senior, who, in the face of an audience so small that the play of the evening had to be called off, could still discourse magnificently of the artistic life. "The well-earned fame of Mrs. Brags usually precedes our little caravan, and we are sure of a good house on the opening night. Art-life, my friend, the art-life we lead has its trials, its disappointments; and it is well that it has, for in the grateful shadow of these occasional reverses we seek respite from the monotony of repeated successes. I revel in the shade; and tomorrow night Mrs. Brags in her favorite character of Mrs. Haller will mingle her tears with mine in the very ecstasy of grief. Fill up, Mrs. Brags—fill up!—let us drown dull care!"

Perhaps Shakespeare "don't pay for kerosene," and Stratford may be "a bad show town"; but with the eternally unquenchable optimism of the stage player of all time and all lands Brags Senior brims his mug again and drinks to tomorrow's performance. When Stoddard shows us this strolling actor of Stratford, descendant perhaps of some caravan player of Shakespeare's day, progenitor it might be of some later histrion gracing the historic stage of Avon itself—who may yet even come to America to show us how Shakespeare's plays are acted by the Stratford Players at home in England; when Stoddard shows us Brags, it is not Brags alone we see, but Will Shakespeare, himself. He is crossing the meadows to Shottery. He sees the button-eyed sheep munching the grass, up to their eyes in wool. He is rehearsing to himself all the while the first play lines that he has learned. . . . He is halting in his tracks to listen to the bird of morning: "Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings!"

REVIEWS

Up From the Ape. By ERNEST A. HOOTON. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.00.

While Professor Hooton has written an outrightly evolutionistic story of man, from earliest living things onwards and upwards, he has managed to keep a fine independence of judgment. In his pleasing style he follows, it is true, along much of the beaten path and gives quite a complete and exhaustive list of

hominids, including the rarely mentioned Wadjak couple, discovered and then secreted by Dubois. But why does he list the Talgai skull as "a primitive and more ape-like precursor of the modern Australian"? Mr. Archibald Meston showed that it is the skull of a blackboy murdered on the spot in 1848, and Hrdlicka does not even mention it in his authoritative work "The Skeletal Remains of Early Man" (1930). Again there is no mention of Burkitt's work on the Heidelberg mandible as compared with the mandibles of New Caledonian and Loyalty Islanders. Professor Hooton's frank independence of judgment is noticeable in his strictures on Paleolithic art (p. 371), on the biogenetic law or recapitulation theory of embryonic development (pp. 226-238), and on reconstructions, for "you can with equal facility model on a Neanderthal skull the features of a chimpanzee or the lineaments of a philosopher" (p. 332). His sense of humor and his clear thinking have saved him from the pitfalls of materialistic evolution for "we need not give man and his ancestors the credit of developing their own intelligences, but if a human being is not a manifestation of an intelligent design, there is no such thing as intelligence" (p. 288). Though he states that "a terrestrial habitat and an upright biped gait were not God-given attributes of a single Adam and Eve" (p. 390), he closes his book with a statement that ought to be written large across anthropological sciences today: "But if it were conclusively demonstrated tomorrow that man has not evolved from anthropoid ancestors, if it were finally proven that the species had not been derived one from the other but had been separately created, the anthropologist would still face the dawn with equanimity and with eager anticipations of new scientific vistas" (p. 605). And this is and has been precisely the attitude of the Catholic non-evolutionist scientist.

F. P. LEB.

Irish Monasticism. By the REV. JOHN RYAN, S.J. Dublin: The Talbot Press. 18s.

The Carthusian Order in England. By E. MARGARET THOMPSON. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$7.00.

Here are two important contributions to ecclesiastical history. Father Ryan's volume deals with the beginnings and early development of monastic life in Catholic Ireland. The author is especially interested in explaining the obvious difference between monastic institutions there and elsewhere. As the background for his study the first section of the book is devoted to a discussion of the place of monasticism in Christian society, its nature, and its development before St. Patrick. In what follows we have an interesting and authentic presentation of its growth in Ireland up to the middle of the seventh century, as well as an engrossing picture of monastic life in its various views: the organization of the monastic family, the spiritual activities of the monks, their manual labor, their intellectual pursuits, their penances, vows, etc. Sources and authorities are continually pointed out not only for the more general facts but, in the spirit of the scientific historian, even for details. Brief sketches are introduced of the more important monastic foundations and special attention is paid to their influence on monastic development in general. While the author has in view to defend a specific thesis he is temperate in the position that he holds. He rather throws out suggestions for their solution than insists with any finality upon them. Though "The Carthusian Order in England" is from a non-Catholic pen and here and there a bit of the author's prejudice creeps in, and sometimes a wrong use of technical theological terminology, it is a fine bit of historical reading. The story of St. Bruno and the early Chartreux with the development of the Carthusian Order and an explanation of the Rule is set forth for the better understanding of the English Charterhouse foundations. Their chronicles are given more in detail. Perhaps the most interesting part of the volume is the account of the English Carthusians under the Tudors, their conflict with the Government over the succession and supremacy oaths, and their suppression consequent on the troubles between the Crown and Rome. Under Henry VIII eighteen Carthusians died for their principles and the accounts of their martyrdoms are among the brightest pages in the history of the Order. The contribution that the English Carthusians

made to religion during the three hundred years and more before Henry VIII attempted to tyrannize over them was valuable particularly because of their maintenance of the spirit of the early Chartreux, their attention to writing and apostolic work, and their high personal idealism. From an historical standpoint the insertion of a great many original documents adds to the value of the volume, but it also detracts from its facile reading. An epilogue justifies the Carthusian purpose and monasticism and asceticism in general.

W. I. L.

Spain and Her Daughters. By THOMAS O'HAGAN. Toronto: The Hunter-Rose Company. \$2.00.

In view of some recent happenings in Spain, enthusiasm is chilled towards the Spanish people. But it must be remembered that the same group which is responsible for the late outrages, is also responsible for many of the bad impressions of Spain that have gone out to the world during the past several years. Apart from the present situation, English-speaking peoples have been taught a great deal that was false about Spain, through a blind hostility, perverse prejudice, ignorance, and misunderstanding. Dr. O'Hagan knows the true Spain and its contribution to culture and civilization. The series of essays which he includes in this volume are enlightening. He begins with a chapter of rapid-touring through the cities and provinces, Cadiz, Seville, Granada, Toledo, Barcelona, and the others, offering pleasant little items of information, and, at times, importance pieces of interpretation. In the same manner of a birdseye view, in the succeeding chapters, he discusses some of the great personages of the Spanish past, St. Teresa, for example, Cervantes, Calderón, Velásquez. From these he turns to the Conquistadores and with that transition is in South America where his chief interest, for the moment, is that of the poets and their poems. As a summary of Latin-American achievement, this chapter is important. Buenos Aires is singled out for special mention among the cities of the continent. And completing the tour, Dr. O'Hagan takes his readers up to the Spanish Missions in our Northern lands. It is a charming book of pleasant words and hearty enthusiasms that will win friends for the real Spain as against the regrettable Spain that figures in our current news dispatches and our older literature.

F. X. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Historical Studies.—"Three Thousand Years of Rome" (Knopf. \$5.00), which Caroline Fredrick translates from the German of Dunbar von Kalckreuth, has about it much of the charm of Vergil's "Aeneid," and reads as entertainingly. However, as a history, even compendious, of the Eternal City until 1925, it is far from satisfying. It has plenty of inaccuracies and obviously is written with bias. The story of Rome cannot be told apart from the Papacy and because the author fails to recognize its nature his interpretation of the Popes' actions throughout the Christian era is often sadly awry. Christ Himself is represented merely as man; the Church, as a "real political power"; asceticism, as an "epidemic." With no authority to justify the charge, Gregory the Great is credited with ordering the burning of the rich libraries of Alexandria. A covering note refers the "Black Madonna" in St. Mary Major's to Luke the "Apostle." Of the Corpus Christi procession we are told that "The host is carried in the procession in celebration of transubstantiation." And we read that "The fetters of Scholasticism" were put upon the sciences. Highly imaginative and with plenty of coloring, the descriptions of some of the religious ceremonies which the historian records would do justice to the most lurid of our Sunday supplements. But journalism is not history. The volume may be read as the "Arabian Nights" for entertainment; it is not likely to be cited as authoritative by anyone who has read Pastor.

The indefatigable pen of Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M., has gathered together in summary form under the title "San Buenaventura: the Mission by the Sea" (Mission Santa Barbara. \$1.75), the interesting story that centers around "The Intermediate Mission" between San Diego and San Carlos. Like the

other California Mission stories, Serra, Laseun, Crespi, and their heroic and self-sacrificing confreres move through the pages of this brief narrative. Substantially it is a story of the Padres' devotion to an ideal and to the Indians, of labors hampered by greedy Government officials and avaricious soldiers, of an almost miraculous transformation of the Indian natives from nomadic barbarianism to edifying Christian restraint. The difficulties that the missionaries encountered were often most trying, yet they persevered at their consecrated work until a hostile government secularized the missions. The final chapter which describes San Buenaventura after the mission period is in strong contrast with the rest of the volume, speaking as it does of banks, schools, a Chamber of Commerce, and a generally thriving municipality.

Spiritual Reading.—Convention minutes usually have little more than a historical value. There are exceptions. One such is the compilation of the events that made up "The Sixth National Eucharistic Congress" (Sentinel Press. \$2.00), held at Omaha, in September, 1930. The preface to the official report is contributed by Bishop Schrembs, Director of the Priests' Eucharistic League, under whose auspices the Congress was held. The record includes papers read and discussions held during the Congress, in which the laity as well as the clergy held a prominent part, and which centered around the general theme, "The Blessed Eucharist by Divine institution is the source and center of Christian life." The papers make up a splendid theological symposium which priests who were not privileged to attend the Congress will find useful and helpful as sermon material, and which the laity will find instructive and inspirational. Anyone who peruses "The Sixth National Eucharistic Congress" will feel that the gratitude of American Catholics is due to the Rt. Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, Bishop of Omaha, under whose patronage the meeting was conducted.

Dom B. Weld-Blundell has gathered together some of the teachings of the Ven. Augustine Baker on mortification and the interior life, under the title "Self-discipline and Holiness" (Kenedy. \$1.75). Mainly intended for Religious, the devout man or woman in the world who is in earnest about a life of recollection and prayer, essential to adequate Christian living, will also find it useful. Father Baker's asceticism needs no introduction or encomium. It is as practical as it is dogmatically solid. Here we have the distinguished guide pointing out how the interior life is divided into mortification and prayer, and explaining the nature of the former, and laying down wise rules for its exercise.

Fourteen talks on various aspects of the Blessed Sacrament, particularly as they regard sacerdotal life, make up "A Priests' Retreat" (Pustet. \$2.00), translated by the Rev. John B. Haas, C.S.S.R., from the original "Ecce Panis Angelorum" of the Rev. Andrew Hamerle, C.S.S.R. The discourses can be used as meditation points or spiritual reading outside of retreat time. They will be bound to inflame the priest's devotion towards the Holy Eucharist as well as to stimulate his zeal in its dispensing and to make him more conscious of his sublime dignity. Though all of the discourses emphasize the Eucharist, the great fundamental truths traditionally associated with retreat meditation are interwoven with them.

For the Literature Shelf.—Poets, actual and prospective, will be glad to see "A Spenser Handbook" (Crofts. \$2.00), in which H. S. V. Jones of the University of Illinois sets forth, in two opening chapters, the age of Spenser and his life, and then takes up each of his works in distinct chapters, giving an analysis, interpretation and parallels. Besides the general treatment of "The Faerie Queene" a chapter is given to each of the six books. A final chapter treats of Spenser's language and versification and an appendix illustrates Spenser's influence on English poetry down to Keats. Each chapter of the book is followed by a bibliography of references and authorities not too difficult of access. That "the Jesuit Mission under the leadership of Campion and Parsons arrived in England (1581) with the purpose of dethroning Elizabeth" will be news to some of us.

The English Men of Letters Series and all its readers are the better off for the appearance, quite timely on the centenary of her birth, of "Christina Rossetti" by Dorothy Margaret Stuart (Macmillan. \$1.50). The book is sympathetic throughout without being uncritical and while intimate enough to satisfy all reasonable curiosity is never impertinent either in regard to the subject herself or to the many interesting members of her family and acquaintance. The poems are treated in close connection with the life and elucidated by ample quotations and critical remarks. The book is thus a readable and vivacious biography.

Would you like to spend thirteen months with Washington Irving travelling about Germany, Holland, France and England? That delightful adventure is possible now, thanks to Stanley Williams who has edited, without burdensome notes or any excisions, "The Journal of Washington Irving, (1823-1824) from the MS in the possession of Dr. Roderick Terry, of Newport, Rhode Island"; (Harvard University Press. \$3.50).

Classics.—The recent celebration of the Vergilian bimillennium was the occasion of many excellent publications. New translations were offered, among them an exceptional one by T. DeLabere May, and almost every university with classical pretensions published some tribute to the great Roman poet. "The Magical Art of Virgil" by Edward Kennard Rand (Harvard University Press. \$5.00) must rank among the very best. Professor Rand, whose interest in Latin scholarship received high commendation for his "Founders of the Middle Ages," has attempted an interpretation of Virgil by an analysis of the Eclogues and Georgics. "The Magical Art of Virgil" is distinctly a contribution to a field of Vergiliana which has been long neglected.

It is peculiarly apt that together with the renewed interest in Virgil there should be a corresponding renaissance in Dante. Several volumes followed Father Slattery's "My Favorite Passages from Dante" some two years ago and now Albert R. Bandini has completed a rhymed translation of the Paradiso, (People's Publishing Co. \$2.00). The book should interest many scholars who cannot find in the translations of Longfellow and Cary and Norton the vital spark of appreciation. Father Bandini has equipped his work with interesting textual explanations.

Books Received.—This list is published, without recommendation, for the benefit of our readers. Some of the books will be reviewed in later issues.

ACTS AND AFFECTIONS FOR MENTAL PRAYER. By Dom B. Weld-Blundell. Herder.
BROTHER JOHN. By Vida D. Scudder. \$2.50. Dutton.
CONFLICTING PENAL THEORIES IN STATUTORY CRIMINAL LAW. By Mabel A. Elliott, Ph.D. \$4.00. University of Chicago Press.
DISSATISFIED WORKER, THE. By V. E. Fisher. \$2.00. Macmillan.
ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, AN. By Edward Frank Humphrey, Ph.D. \$3.75. Century.
EDUCATION AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF EXPERIMENTALISM. By John L. Childs, Ph.D. \$2.00. Century.
END OF REPARATIONS, THE. By Hjalmar Schacht. \$3.00. Cape and Smith.
FAITH AND ITS RATIONAL JUSTIFICATION. By Rev. G. Brunhes. Herder.
FIGHTING FITZGERALD. By Mary MacCarthy. \$3.50. Putnam.
GARNERED SHEAVES. By Sir James George Frazer. Macmillan.
JARDIN DES MYSTERES, LE. By Maurice Rigaux, S.J. 6 francs. Edition Spes.
LITERARY CRITICISM IN AMERICA. By George E. DeMille. \$3.50. Dial.
LIVING PHILOSOPHIES. A Symposium. \$2.50. Simon and Schuster.
LUCK OF LOWRY. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. \$2.00. Longmans.
MEXICO. By Stuart Chase. \$3.00. Macmillan.
MONASTIC LIFE AT CLUNY, 910-1157. By Joan Evans. 15s. Oxford University Press.
NEW LIGHTS ON PASTORAL PROBLEMS. By Paul Hanly Furfey, Ph.D. Bruce.
NEW TESTAMENT, THE. Vol. IV. Edited by Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., and Joseph Keating, S.J. \$3.40. Longmans.
OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE. By Enid Dinnis. Herder.
OUT OF THE NORTHLAND. (pamphlet) By Arthur D. Spearman, S.J. 10c. Jesuit Mission Press.
PORTO RICO AND THE UNITED STATES. (pamphlet) By Elizabeth M. Lynskey, Ph.D., and The Committee on U. S. Dependencies. 10c. Catholic Association for International Peace.
RED FOG LIFTS, THE. By Alvert Muldavin. \$2.00. Appleton.
RELIGIOUS MEN AND WOMEN IN CHURCH LAW. By Joseph Creusen, S.J. Bruce.
SERMON NOTES ON THE SUNDAY PROPSERS. By F. H. Drinkwater. Herder.
SHADOWS ON THE ROCK. By Willa Cathet. \$2.50. Knopf.
SRIVASAN'S SYMPOSIUM ON THE STORY OF A RARE HINDU CONVERT. By Asmar. 4 annas. Catholic Register, Madras.
STORY OF POPE PIUS XI, THE. By Benedict Williamson. \$2.00. Kenedy.
SUBSTITUTE BRIDE, THE. By Clare Sheridan. \$2.00. Longmans.
SUCCESS OF THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN, THE. By V. M. Molotov. \$1.25. International Publishers.
SYMBOLS OF IMMORTALITY. By Evelyn M. Watson. \$1.50. Christopher.
TRIPLE DEISM OF SUN YAT-SEN, THE. By Paschal M. D'Elia, S.J. \$1.75. Franciscan Press, Wuchang, China.
VITA CHRISTI. By Mother St. Paul. \$2.00. Longmans.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Humane Riots

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My attention has been called to the article on page 318 of your issue of July 11.

I did not expect a cool judgment from a militant Catholic paper on a subject such as the May riots in Spain, but I did expect Christian Charity from a Christian paper. Your article is sadly missing in that most beautiful of virtues.

"Nor did these brutes refrain from attacking women." "We hope . . . that the Spanish Government has taken serious steps to bring these brutes to justice . . ." is that the state of mind in which to judge at all?

No one regrets more than I do the destruction of buildings (though to speak candidly some of them were ugly enough to be burnt) and the trouble and the human suffering which went with it. I would have been much happier if the Spanish people had not risen against convents and churches. But since they did rise, it is my right to explain that it only happened at the end of a long century of clerical tyranny and callousness which began with the horrors of the blood-thirsty *Apostólicos* 100 years ago. It is absolutely impossible for an uninformed and sincere Roman Catholic in this country to realize what the Spanish people had to undergo from the reactionary and most potent wing of the Spanish church.

Moreover, it is also my right to point out the humane way in which the riots took place. With all your efforts to make your readers' flesh creep, with all your "barbaric cruelty which would do credit to Blackbeard the pirate, and Al Capone," your "series of barbarous acts which recall the wildest days of the French Revolution," you cannot quote a single human life taken or even attacked in a country of 22 millions in revolution. As for your thirst for punishment, if it were love of justice, it would not insult the accused.

For the rest, your Roman Catholic friends may rest assured that the Spanish Republic will scrupulously respect all the churches which respect it, and above all, that noble Catholic Church which in its great days was so prominent in the Spanish culture of the sixteenth century.

Nothing could be more agreeable to the present leaders of Spain than to see the Spanish Church rise again to the position of enlightenment and intellectual eminence which it attained in those days.

Washington, D. C.

S. DE MADARIAGA.

[Our knowledge of the English language may be small, and our acquaintance with the laws of Christian charity most remote. But we fail to see any "humanity" in an attack by a gang of rioters on a convent school for girls. Don Salvador's position seems to be that no one who builds a church or a school which offends his esthetic sense has reason to complain should a mob destroy it. In other words, property rights mean nothing. Now and then the wreckers are sustained by "justice or retribution." At other times, an austere love of art and literature justifies them in destroying schools and burning precious manuscripts.

Plainly, it is difficult to take Don Salvador de Madariaga seriously. As was pointed out in the editorial which ruffled his ambassadorial calm, one looks for a certain amount of violence against persons and property during a Revolution. What one does not look for, however, at least among civilized peoples, is a studied official defense of mob violence.

But we thank the Ambassador for making a point of our want of Christian charity. Coming with his kind words for humane rioting, it recalls one of the finest satirical passages in the language. "So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott! 'I left Baby Charles and Steenie laying his duty before him,' says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno: 'O Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on

the turpitude of incontinence." (Newman, "Apologia," p. 21. Oxford Ed. 1913.) Were Don Salvador to exercise toward the victims of mob violence in Spain, a little of that charity which, as he so sweetly tells us, is the "most beautiful of virtues," we should listen more respectfully as he lectures on love of our neighbor and lays our duty before us.—Ed. AMERICA.]

A Rejoinder

To the Editor of AMERICA:

You published most considerately my protest against your charge that I was a fanatic, but hardly had I finished my protest, when in your issue of July 4, you charge me with advocating the subjection of the individual conscience to the authority of the State.

I hereby challenge you to quote a single sentence of mine which, if taken with the context, can sustain this charge.

The four hundred pages of my book "The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State" are devoted to a demonstration, that the constitutional order of the modern State is based on the freedom of individual conscience, even as against the State.

I have submitted that Roman Catholics in their exercise of the ballot must come in conflict with this constitutional order, because by the dogma of their religion, their consciences are in subordination of obediences to the Pope, under the penalty of the loss of salvation, in all matters belonging to morals and in all matters belonging to the government and discipline of the Church throughout the world, including those matters belonging to morals, over which the Modern State claims jurisdiction (Constitution "Pastor Aeternus").

I have nowhere contended that the freedom of the individual conscience results in ideal conditions or is free from gross abuse. I have simply elucidated what I think is indisputable, that the modern electoral State is based on it, and that right or wrong the ultimate conflict of that State with the papacy is inevitable. Current events seem to support my conclusion.

Millbrook, N. Y.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

[The subjection of the individual conscience to the authority of the State is the necessary consequence of the dogmatic and highly equivocal proviso enuniated by Mr. Marshall on page 195 of his "Roman Catholic Church in the Modern States": "This indifferntism underlies the constitutional law of the modern State, which ignores the claims of a religious sovereignty by reducing all religions to indifference in the eyes of the law provided that standards resulting from the free exercise of the free moral consciousness of the People are complied with. The State could not object to any Roman Catholic doctrine in matters belonging to morals that is the result of the exercise of the free consciousness of its people, and not in conflict with communal standards of morality [italics ours]. It does object to a doctrine which is not the result of such free consciousness but of the promulgation of Papal sovereignty." Cf. page 201: "The sovereignty of the modern State, for which we contend, in its very nature excludes inherent rights within it of a religious society."—Ed. AMERICA.]

This Shrine Business

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Allow me to thank The Pilgrim for his sane and sound criticism of the shrine business. While it is right and just to mark historical places with shrine churches, it is anything but religious to erect expensive churches here and there merely to extract money from the Faithful.

It is this that inspires the disgraceful advertising and the traffic in novenas, Masses, Purgatorial Societies, and the like.

Superstition has always been odious to the Church. The priests and nuns who create and operate these shrines appeal to it and promote it. Then they supply the enemies of the Church with evidence which they use and exaggerate to the confusion of decent Catholics.

Brooklyn.

JOHN L. BELFORD.

An Appeal Against Appeals

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Lest The Pilgrim should have missed some striking exhibits of commercialized appeals, I am enclosing six received by me during the past few months. The singular fact about them is that they come from all parts of the country to one living in the heart of the

Middle West. Whence the incurable optimism of those responsible for these appeals? Why should they feel that support for institutions in New Jersey or Oregon should come from Catholic people in Illinois? Why cannot the institutions sending out these appeals content themselves with the support to be found in their respective localities? As regards the mission areas of our country in the South and West, why should not their appeals be made directly to the Home Mission bureau of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith? These are pertinent questions, besides the one which may be raised as to how so many different Orders and Congregations secured my name, and also why it is that after making contributions to an Order carrying on a good work in New Jersey, let us say, I should receive a letter of appeal from another branch of the same Order doing splendid work, for example, in Wisconsin.

Now I hold that in every one of our communities, with very few exceptions, if any, and certainly in all the communities of Illinois, Catholics have all they can do to support their own institutions to be found without number in their immediate localities. If any funds are available for distribution after the weekly contribution to the local parish church, after the annual contribution to the diocesan charities, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Catholic Medical School, and Peter's Pence, why not set up a fund in every parish to provide for free Catholic education, elementary and intermediate?

Is it just a coincidence that you should quote the Rev. Ambrose Adams from the June *Acolyte* in your column of The Pilgrim for July 18? Is not Father Adams voicing the unspoken thoughts of many these days? We all agree "that nothing is too good for the glory of God," but is it wisdom, for example, to shoulder a parish of less than four hundred families with a \$250,000 mortgage on a \$400,000 church? Demand for free Catholic education is urgent.

Far better "many small, well-appointed parish churches, where the pastor may be in intimate touch with his flock, rather than vast structures which fail to take into account the practical needs of our times." In these parts, too, the children of many families are not receiving the religious education and training they should, and not a few families are in actual want.

So many of these letters are obnoxious in this, that they make many people feel that unless they do contribute and respond to the appeal they are turning Christ Himself away from their doors.

Western Springs, Ill.

A. J. S.

Praises Pilgrim

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I think The Pilgrim is to be congratulated for many of his articles, but I single out for special praise his paragraphs on Catholic hospitals and nursing Sisters, appearing in the issue of AMERICA for June 27.

Facts such as he recited in his simple and original style give a definite reply to those dyspeptic-minded narrowbacks who are continually belittling the Church and its members. More power to the mind that guides his pen!

New York.

JAMES E. SCULLY.

"Debunking" the Sociologists

To the Editor of AMERICA:

From my point of view, fair study of the question, and practical observation for many years, may I write that the usual run of praise-worthy adjectives might be exhausted in endorsing the sentiment of the article on "The Economic Problem," by W. R. Morris, which appeared in the issue of AMERICA for July 11. In brief and appropriate language it has disposed of tons of written and spoken "bunk" now current, and placed a heavy finger on the real remedy for the present trouble; with the restoration of the home on Christian lines there will be no problem. I have in mind at last one Doctor of Divinity, one United States Senator, and one leader of what is termed in the dictionary "labor," all authorities, self-appointed, in the fields of economics and sociology, whose careers would be eternally blasted if Mr. Morris' ideas should chance to become operative.

New York.

EDWARD A. McALLISTER.